

A  
LETTER

From the FACETIOUS

Dr. Andrew Tripe

A T

BATH,

To his Loving Brother

The *Profound* GRESHAMITE,  
SHEWING,

That the SCRIBENDI CACOETHES is a *Distemper*  
arising from a *Redundancy* of BILIOSE SALTS,  
and not to be *Eradicated* but by a *Diurnal*  
*Course* of OYLS and VOMITS.

With an APPENDIX concerning the  
*Application* of SOCRATES his *Clyster*,  
AND

The *Use* of *Clean Linnen* in *Controversy*.

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*Tantundem dat Tantidem.*

ROBINSON *de* HETEROCLITIS.


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L O N D O N,

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S I R,

**A**MONG the many Authors, *con-*  
*versant with the Art of Physick*, there  
are none certainly better qualify'd  
either for the Theory, or Practice, than  
those who have had a thorough Insight  
in the *Linnen*, or the *Woollen Manufacture*:  
and, as this is a Study wherein the *Ancients*  
were entirely defective, and in a Manner  
peculiar to our Country, 'tis no Wonder  
that the *State of Physick and Diseases* has,  
for some Centuries, been in such a lan-  
guishing Condition. For Foreigners are  
not only incapable of attaining this Know-  
ledge, but those of our own Countrymen,  
are sent to the Universities, where they  
run a Wild-Goose Chase thro' the several  
Arts and Sciences, which serve rather to  
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perplex and confound our *Cogitation*, than to instruct and inform it.

For my Part, as the first Rudiments of our Knowledge were laid in that *Great Metropolis*, where you now reside, and, as we commenc'd Philosophers and Physicians in the *Shop*, I cannot sufficiently applaud the Advantages of an Education, which has made us so considerable in our *Profession*. I wish indeed, I had made the same Improvements as your self, tho', I thank my Stars, I am tolerably respected, when I appear in Publick, and deliver my *Salutiferous Arcana* to the Multitude. But the *Linnen Literati* were always the *Politest Gentlemen*, and had the Advantage of our *Woollen Sect*, by their Conversation with the Ladies, and the Gaiety of their Behaviour. And as to you, *Dear Dr.* you have exceeded the most Sanguine of our Expectation, and the most accomplish'd *Professor* of the Trade: Your modest Familiarity, your languishing unaffected Air, your *humil Cringe*, as *Milton* expresses himself, and your harmonious Elocution are inimitable, and cannot chuse but gain a Multitude of Patients, and a Multiplicity of Applause, while the *Protervity* of the Scholars Countenance affrights the Distemper and *reverts it upon the Habit*.

Thus



Thus, the fine Gentleman being blended with the Physician, like the *biliose Salts* throughout an healthy Constitution by a due Proportion, a Man is form'd equally either for Pleasure or for Business ; and, I will be bold to say, you are full as capable of carrying on an Affair of Gallantry, or diving into the Politicks of the Cabinet, as of prescribing either a *Clyster* or a *Vomit*. A great Genius is no more to be smother'd, than the *Subterranean Fire* to be extinguish'd by the *Abyss of Water* in your *Theory* ; and, had you still continu'd your *prior Occupation*, I don't doubt but you would have made as bright a Figure in the *Court of Aldermen*, and at the *Summit of City Honours*, as you do now in the *Profession*, and the *Greshamites* would have receiv'd as much Encouragement from your Authority, as they do emolument from your Lectures.

But, besides the many Qualifications that *these Kind of Studies* instill into us, there is one that must be allow'd to be more substantial, and to compleat us *for the Steerage of the Life of Man*. For, by looking into and comparing the various Weavings and Ramifications of the Threads of *Muslin* or *Holland*, the different and surprising Texture, as well as manifold Intersections, of  
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the *Capillary Vessels*, may be deduced, and an agreeable *Rationale* of the Mechanism of our Frame demonstrated, in a Manner something new to those of an *Academical Education*. Hence it was Dr. Baynard stil'd you, Sir *Tyffany Sleezy, the Muslin Man*\*; a Propriety of Expression that will bear the Tortures of the *severest Criticism*. For, however the World have commonly mistook him, That Gentleman, you know, was well acquainted with your Extensive Observations and Abilities; He was truly sensible that nothing but *Knighthood* could be the Recompence of your *Merit*, and that 'twould be as becoming, and sit as easie on you, as on any of the *Faculty* who enjoy it.

But now, Sir, I am upon the Subject of our youthful Studies and Enquiries, give me leave to remember what useful Experiments we have made, what excellent Hints and Speculations have been started and improved by Us, in Places entirely obscure, *in Coal-Holes, in Cellars, and behind the Counter*, and oftentimes when we were *Cleaning Shoes, paring Floors*, or doing the most servile Offices of Life.

Nor

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\* Vide. *History of Cold Bathing*.



Nor need we be ashamed to acknowledge our *Original* as such, we ought rather to Glory that we are raised from such Obscurity and Dirt, and that by our *Merit* too, to despise and ride our *Contemporaries*, and to dictate Physick to our *Inferiors*. The Beautiful Goddess *Venus* herself, according to the *Poets* Fiction, bears some Analogy to our present *Circumstances*, and proceeded as they tell Us, from the very *Froth* and *Scum* of the Ocean.

Tho' the *Cleaning of Shoes* may be accounted the meanest Drudgery of *Septennial* Servitude, yet we found out, you may remember, a Method of making even that Office, serviceable to our selves and to Mankind, and of drawing proper Inferences and Deductions from the Mechanism of that *Suppeditory Machine*. For, as this gave us a true Idea of the Ligaments and Tendons, and of some of the Articulations of the Bones, so the Porosity of the Leather, and the Suction of the Particles of *Oyl and Size*, inform'd us also, of the Use of *Oyls and Unctious Remedies*, of the Doctrine of Transpiration, and how the *Ventricle* and other Viscera and Vessels were capable of Distension.

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Certain it is, tho', I must confess I cannot well Account for it, that we Think and Reason with a Sedateness more *calm and undisturb'd*, in Vaults and Caverns, and other *subterranean Cottages*, than when Elevated above the Surface of the Earth. Whether the different *Strata* being wonderfully displayed by that great Author of our Nature, as you formerly observed, the Contemplation of them may not checker our Imagination with various Images and Idea's ; or whether a Man, being nothing else than a *Tree revers'd*, and his Head the Root of him, as some Philosophers have *opin'd*, it is not probable that, when we place him among his fellow Vegetables, his *Cogitation* may sprout and vegetate in Proportion to them. But, whether or no I am right in my Conjectures, 'tis however to me a Demonstration, that our *quondam* Conversation, especially in the *Mineral and Fossil Regions*, made our Mode of Thinking more *Mechanical in the Strictest Sense*, than any of those Conferences in *Christ-Church* could have done, which the late *Commentator upon Hippocrates* mentions in his Preface. *Dionysius Longinus* had probably never hit the *περὶ ὑψοῦς*; had he not been let into this Secret ; nor would the *Coal-Heaver*



*Heaven* have produced his Medicine for the *Gout*, had he been entirely unacquainted with the Dignity of those *Fossils*: Nor, after all, would the Incomprehensible Dr. *W——d*'s Language have exceeded the *Criticism* of the First, or his Practice the *Nostrum* of the Latter, even in the same Distemper, had not his under-ground Obscurity, in the First of Life, exalted his *Cogitation* and his *Pharmacy* to such a Pitch.

'Tis Universally agreed, Sir, that your late Performance is unanswerable; but your Dexterity, in the Art of Writing *Prefaces*, is such, that, as *Aristotle* drew the Laws of Epic Poetry from the Model of the Sublime *Homer*, so never any *Preface* for the Future will be look'd upon as a *Perfect Piece* that borrows not its Sanction from your Standard. For, without entering into a detail of the several Allusions and Conjectures that have been hitherto advanced, there is this *use* undoubtedly in those *forerunners of large Volumes*, that a Man may commend himself in them, without being guilty of the *least Grain of Vanity*, which if he once Attempts in the Body of a Performance, his Character is lost to all Intents and Purposes. How, far, Sir, You have been happy in doing  
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this sort of Justice to your self, I shall leave the World to judge ; sure I am that whoever would learn the *Artifice* of alluring and captivating his Reader, must Place, like You, an \* *Aphorism* in the very Threshold of his *Preface* and take Occasion to insinuate that it requires a *Person of vast Capacity and Abilities* to discuss a Subject of such Consequence.

When he has thus imposed his Veracity, and great Character, upon the Reader, it may not be improper to apprehend the *Cavil and Censure of the Vehement and Clamorous*, but to thank God, at the same Time, that the *Love of Virtue and of Good, is vastly Superior to such Obstacles*. After this, he should proceed to talk a little of the *Pleasure that Attends the Pursuit and Discovery of useful Truths* and concerning the *Approbation of the Wise and Honest*, being an over-balance to the *Perplexities and Toils* a Philosopher may meet with.

If his Work is design'd to be *Polemic*, and he has Occasion to be severe upon the Ignorance and Errors of his *Contemporaries*,

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\* They only, who are conversant with the Sick and with Diseases, have Opportunity of finding out and of supplying the Defects that there are in the Art of Physick.  
Vide Preface.



*varies*, his *Preface* should be then a sort of Surety for his good Behaviour, wherein he must Promise a *Civil Comportment* towards all his Adversaries, and that he will be no more Satyrical upon them, than the Nature of the Subject, or his own Nature, shall incline him.

These Things being duly and artfully premised, he should then expatiate on the *Design* of his Treatise, on the *Occasion* and *Time* of writing it, whose *Approbation* he has had, whether *Foreigners* or *Natives*, and in what Manner he intends to prosecute his belov'd *Hypothesis*; and, as he draws towards a Conclusion, it may not be amiss, first Negatively, to drop an Hint or two concerning the Meaness of those Authors who have a View to *private Interest*, which he utterly renounces and abjures; and then positively to affirm, whenever *his Affairs will give him Leisure and Opportunity*, he will publish something more Voluminous, and consequently more Learned.

Pardon me, Sir, that I pretend to comment on these Things, for I entirely agree with you, that your *Work speaks for it self*, and in such a Manner too, that I'll defy all the Universities in the World to produce an Author, who can speak or write on Notions, so intricate and refin'd,

in a Style so suitable, and so well adapted to the Truth of them.

Your Profession of *so stoical a Temper*, and that you can *comport with Misrepresentation, Cavil and Censure*, is altogether right ; nor is such an Instance of Forgiveness any manner of Discount on the Character of your *Courage*, which is so far from being Ostentatious, or Turbulent in Publick, that, like a true *Hero*, your *Sword* was never drawn but in a *private Chamber*, before the Face of an *Apothecary* or a *Nurse*, and in Opposition to the Contradiction of a *Dying Patient*.

The *State of Physick*, let your Enemies say what they will, is so corrupted, and so contrary to its original Design, that a Man of common Sense, *without any Affectation of Singularity, or Study of Innovation*, must be convinc'd that a *Reformation* is highly necessary and expedient. *Steel, and some other Medicines in great Vogue*, ought to be treated with Severity, and as Enemies to the Publick ; some should be *incarcerated* with proper Mixtures ; and others again should be distinguish'd according to their *real Merit*.

*Medicine* formerly, like the Times it flourished in, was rude and barbarous,  
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and terrible to the Patient ; but now a *Vomit*, elegantly superintended by your *Vigilance and Conduct*, appears with a *Noble Apparatus*, attended with a Variety of *Equipage*, and with *Plumes of Feathers* of the greatest Gaiety ; so that the Ladies seem to chuse it as much for their *Diversi-  
 sion*, as for dispersing the *Colliectations of the Bile*. And I cannot but think that if a *Purge* could be administred with as much *Decorum*, it would be of admirable Use both to ourselves and to the Patient. For the Attaining therefore this so desirable an End, I shall publish speedily a *Treatise*, dedicated to your self, wherein I propose the *Model of a Close-stool*, in the Manner of a *Spincter*, to open it self, or to contract, according to the various Dimensions and Latitude of *Human Buttocks*. For it has been a General Mistake in the Structure of this Instrument of *Ease*, and in which the *Joyner*, I suppose, might be the only Man consulted, to make the *Orifices* of them all nearly equal in Diameter. I have contrived likewise that the Body shall be placed in such a Posture as to give the *Diaphragm* and *Muscles of the Abdomen* the Liberty of acting without those *Contortions of Countenance* which frequently accompany that Exercise. I have added further some proper Decorations on

on the outside of this *Important Engine* ; as also a convenient quantity of *Paper*, and *Linnen*, and the Leaves of *Trees* and *Herbs* to be ranged in *Order*, and apply'd to the *Anus*, according to the *Exigency* of the *Case*, or the *Nature* of the *Particles* that flow from us. And if the *People* of *Condition* would use either *Oyl* with these *Materials*, or an *Oyl-Skin* itself, the *Biliose Salts* would be *bridled*, as you observe, and *rendred less Pungent and Offensive* to our *Posteriors*.

*Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius.*

Such an admirable *Invention*, will, I flatter my self, *my dearest Greshamite*, so far establish my *Reputation*, that *honourable Mention* will be made of me, your *Fellow Labourer in this Science*, at the same *Time*, and in the same *Annals of Physick*, which transmit your *Improvements* to *Posterity*. Surely, after *Qualities* so conspicuous, no one will have the *Insolence* to say of either of *Us*, that *we have not done one good Thing*, *advanced one useful Truth*, or *one single Proposition of Service in Human Life*.

But that there may be no *Occasional Conformity* in this *Medicinal Republic*, and that every one may think alike, you have provided



vided wisely an *Universal Principle*, which may be as easily believ'd as understood.

The *Travels* of the *Biliose Salts* throughout the various Territories of this little World of *Man*, are particularly described by You, and seem a very proper Subject for a *Poem*. For the Variety of the *Story*, the Multitude of *Episodes*, and the many *Conflicts and Encounters* they are engaged in, as they'll make it highly entertaining and delightful; so the *Probable* is carried thro' the Whole, with such *Extravagant Success*, that even a bare *Translation* of it, by an Hand like Mr. Cottons's, would make the *Wonders of the Bile*, as remarkable as the *Wonders of the Peake*.

The *Druids*, the *Pythagoreans*, and all the *Ancient Sages*, instill'd their Precepts into their Disciples by digesting them into *Metre*, and the Authors of *Propria quæ Maribus, Quæ Genus, &c.* whom all the Learned in our Nation must have the greatest Veneration for, have succeeded, we find, in later Times by this Stratagem.

But notwithstanding I am of Opinion that the Strength of your Arguments would be better enforc'd in *Melody and Rhime*, yet, as they stand in *Prose*, they are cogent and powerfull enough to convince such as are not entirely Unbelievers. For  
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there are in your *Hypothesis* some Notions that you have revived from the best Authors of Antiquity, others which Nobody ever thought of, and others again that Nobody could ever think of, who Travels in the *Common Road of Thinking*.

I look upon your Observation on the *Colours of the Skin* to be one of the first Class, and altho' it pass'd among the *Physick Writers* unobserv'd, yet 'tis as old as the *History of Tom Thumb*, which \* a certain Author has hinted, is of great Antiquity, and mentioned your self among the many *Antiquarys* who concur'd in his Sentiments. The Doctor, who steer'd this little Hero in his *Procedure for a Cure*, upon his Deathbed, brings with him, I suppose, not only the *Feather* and other *Utensils* of his Order, but a *Perspective Glass*, that by the *Appearances of his Complexion*, he might discover the *Real Instrument of his Ails*, and be let deep into the *Condition of his Patient*. The Poets Words are these,

*He being Slender and Tall,  
The cunning Doctor took  
A fine Perspective Glass, with which  
He did in Secret look.*

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\* Vide Comment upon the *History of Tom Thumb*.



The *Hue and Sully of the Skin* proceeding from the very Principles that are the Causes of Diseases, if we could get a *Perspective*, according to this Hint, we might see undoubtedly those very Causes, and the Origin of all the *Conflicts, Colluctations, Emotions and Attacks* that are carried on within Us. For, tho' a Man is not *Crystal*, as You say, or *Transparent* like a *Glass Bee-Hive*, yet, by this *Microscopical Contrivance*, both the *Giver and the Taker* of a gentle *Purge*, might behold the *Havock and Ravages* it makes. I have heard my *Grand-mother*, I remember, who was a *Matron* of great *Veracity*, as well as *Penetration*, and who, if I may be allow'd to speak it of so near a Relation, had a *Readiness* in dissecting the *Trypal Viscera*, beyond any of her *Profession*; I have often heard her, I say, remark that the *Life* of many a *Poor Mulchin* had been shortned by the *unseasonable Use of Lenients*, and the *Ignorance of the Leech*. I have heard her talk of the *Ravages* committed there, I have seen her produce the *Extraneous Adhesions and Caruncles* of the *Plicæ* of the *Intestines*, and I mention this, Sir, not only because she confirm'd your excellent *Observations* to a *Tittle*, but to shew that *Old Mother Tripe*, who was

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the First who rais'd our Family, had a *Genius, for Abdominal Anatomy*, superior to any of the *Aruspices*, I meet with in the *Roman History*.

It was, Sir, by your Skill in this Kind of *Augury*, wherein the Rest of the *Faculty* are altogether ignorant, that you hit the Case of Mr. V. O. the Attorney. For no body can believe you would take the Advantage of his *Obesity*, that you had so little Business as to want a Patient, or that you would act a Part so villanous and dishonourable, as to confine a Gentleman to his Bed when nothing was the Matter with him. Mr. O. indeed fancy'd himself well, but that was nothing to the Purpose, You saw the *Turmoile* which the *Salts* would quickly have *irritated* in his Blood, and that a *Weeks Preparation* of *Clinic Medicine*, with a *Vomit or two*, was necessary to *disentangle them*, and to obviate the Distemper : And it was but an ill Requital, it must be acknowledged, for the *Goodness* and *Humanity* you had shewn to him, for the same Gentleman to be immediately Instrumental in loading You with Reproaches, and branding on you the *Scandal* of a *Pick-pocket*. But I am afraid, Sir, in the Course of his Illness, you might forget that necessary  
Caution



*Caution, that Masterpiece of a Physician, as You term it, to steer his Passions, which broke out afterwards so impetuously, and like a Torrent, upon your Reputation.*

If any one might conjecture your Designs by what you write, he would believe you have no other Interest but to do all the Good you can, and that without *Fee or Reward*. And, I am sure, you are so far from the Slander Mr. O. would insinuate, that you ever visited the *Poor* for Nothing, or for a very inconsiderable *Fee*. Mrs. *Hatwell* in *Cock-Lane* is a late Instance of your Tenderness in this Particular, whom you attended four Times in Person, for the Sum of *Two Shillings per Visit*; That, had the Woman lived in the utmost part of *Germany* or the North, she could never have had the Advice of the *Medicasters* of the Country at so trifling an Expence, as here she had in the greatest City of the World, from a Physician of the *greatest Eminence*.

Yet, between Friends, tho' I give these Reasons oftentimes in Publick, I am obliged as often to perswade the Rich, that they are Sick, and to take all the Money I can find in the Pocket of the Poor. For as I cannot keep my *Black, my Tumbler, nor my Zany*, without a little Management and

Cunning, so I am perswaded, tho' your Pretences to Practice may be great, that your *Horses* and *Equipage*, like mine, must be supported now and then, both in *Hay* and *Oates*, by your Dexterity of making Business.

But the *Biliose Salts* being detach'd into the *Flexors* and *Extensors* of your Fingers, may make you extend and clinch them *involuntarily*, and so oblige you to take Money of the *indigent*, whom, if your *Cogitation* was consulted, you ought to give Advice to out of Charity. For this is not only a Distemper, which I my self, and many of the *Faculty* have been afflicted with, but 'tis almost *Epidemical* in the *Temple* and *Inns of Court*, and I hardly ever knew an Eminent Lawyer in my Life-time, that, sometime or other, had not been attack'd by these *Paroxysms*: And, if a Vomit would as easily disgorge a *Fee* as it will discharge the *Salts* and Eradicate the Distemper, it would be of wonderful Advantage to some of his Majesty's good Subjects. Nay, the Gentlemen concerned would find the Benefit of this Remedy; for, as the *Protuberance of the Back or Breast* may be Horizontally levell'd by it, so the *Crookedness* of their Dealings, and the *Gibbosity* of their Practice would be rendred  
 strait



strait and upright in *the Sight of the Honest and the Wise.*

The Fraternity of *Pick-Pockets*, which was the Rise of Mr. O. Reflections upon You, labour also under an *Indisposition* of this Kind, and tho' the Remedy administered by the Government is something rougher than our *Emetic*, 'tis not near so efficacious. It is surely the highest Imperfection in our *Laws and Constitution*, to send so many of our most *hopeful* British Youth to *Tyburn*, when, if they were entrusted to your Care, they might be assured of Success for a little Trouble and Expence. 'Tis the Distemper, and not the Malice and Intention of the Lad, which commits the Robbery ; and, *the Salts being too much engaged on the Muscles and Tendons of the Hand, they have but little Liberty to assist in the Affair of Cogitation.*

'Twas owing, I am satisfy'd, to this *Convulsive* Grasp, that your *Amanuensis* was lately taken upon the Road, or the Custom at least that you taught him in his younger Years, of stealing innocently from *Steno, Sylvius and the best Authors*, embolden'd him, in a more advanc'd Age, to venture upon *Thefts* more *bazar-dous* and *unseasonable*. However, Sir, he may hope, I presume, *that You will have*

*no indiscreet Shew of Concern for him in his last Hours, and when, neither a Vomit nor your wholesome Admonition can be longer serviceable, his Exit may be adorn'd with a Speech of your own Penning, which will so affect the Ears of the Audience, that every individual will seem as much a dying, as if the Halter was about his Neck.*

There are none indeed, but you *Men of Letters, and Retainers to Philosophy*, that are capable of departing in this Manner ; for, in the common sort of People, as the *Triple Tree* approaches, the *Salts* are commonly so far vitiated, as to bring on a *Chagrin, Melancholly, or Sorrow, or profuse Weeping, and sometimes profuse Laughing*, as in the Case of *Shepherd*. The *Passions* become exorbitant, and are attended with *Phænomena* that are not *Genuine and Usual*, there is a greater Disposition to *Anger*, as *Mr. Lorrain* has frequently experienc'd, and perhaps to *Fear or Grief* ; till at length the Circulation of the Blood meets a final Interruption from *Mr. Ketch's Ligature*. In short, Sir, the *Salts* in this Case are *Hot, Sharp, penetrant, Active, and in Emotion*, and the Symptoms, You have described, bear so well the *Test of Nature*, that every One must stand amaz'd at your Sagacity and Stupendous Knowledge, who is acquainted with



with the *Impartial History* of the most *Notorious Highwaymen and Foot Pads*.

But, I had almost forgot to take Notice, that this *Confus'd Perception*, is the peculiar Property of the *Human Race*, and that the *Dog*, with some other *Quadrupeds*, seems so far from any *Hurry or Perturbation of this Nature* when he is going to be hang'd, that one would be inclined to think he had no *Bile*, or that his *Cogitation* was not irritated by this *Principle*. And that *Common receiv'd Notion* both in *Newgate* and other Places, That a Man, whose *Passions are the most Exorbitant*, dies the most like a *Dog*, is so far from being true, that, on the contrary, he who carries with him a sort of *Gallows Bravery*, and bears the Sight of the *Executioner without the least Emotion*, may be more aptly compared to that *Animal* in his *Exit*.

There are another *Class* of Men, call'd in *Prussia* by the Name of *Ink-shiters*, that may be accounted for by your *Hypothesis*, and are of greater Use or Annoyance to the Publick, than any of the aforementioned, according as the *Salts* are variously diffused into the Head or Fingers. If they are regularly detach'd into the First, they concur to the *Modulation of the Brain*, and the *Exertion of the Senses*, tho'

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it must be own'd those Authors are but few, whose *Cogitation* is placidly excited throughout their Works without any Intermission. But the Generality are only affected in the Latter, and are known to write as much without Thinking, as that *Creature of Garrulity* may be said to *Mimic* You, when he calls a *Coach*, or a *Cup of Sack*, for *Poor Poll*.

The true *Scribendi Cacoethes* therefore may be defin'd to be an *Involuntary Propensity in the Hand to write something, without any Manner of Regard to the two Circumstances, what, or wherefore*. I am sorry to see it, I confess, so *Epidemical* among our selves, for besides *Dr. Partridge*, *Dr. Case*, and *Dr. Salmon*, who are dead and gone, I could mention the *Drawer up* of *Mrs. Clerke's Case*, and some considerable *Mercantile Physicians* now living, who are much affected with it. To call their Works, the *Labours of the Learned* would be entirely improper, because there is for the most Part, in such Performances, a *Freedom and Currency of Stile*, and an empty Fullness of Expression, without any Thing *Elaborate*.

As there is a Pleasure of scratching, even in the *Itch it self*, so I am at an uncertainty whether a Man of common Sense, if he weighs maturely all the Symptoms of  
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Distemper, would wish to be entirely without it.

For there is, in this Case, such a Readiness in the Thumb and Fingers, that I have seen a Person dispatch a *Volume of Three hundred Pages* in a very little Time, and be as *plump* afterwards, and *sleek* in Countenance, as if he had been *eating and drinking* all the While. Whereas, as you judiciously observe, had his Thoughts been *Intense*, as in you *Scholars*, and Men of vast Capacities, they ought to be, he had been in the last *Stadium* of a *Phtisis* and *Ema-*  
*ciated* beyond the *Recovery* of a *Vomit*.

But if an Authors *Cogitation* and his Fingers go hand in hand, If I may so express my self, and sometimes the *Salts* are predominant in One, and sometimes in the Other, his *Dissertation* will, like your *Theory of the Earth*, abound with *Hills* and *Dales*, and a Variety of Prospect; several beautiful *Digressions*, several variegated *Conceits*, several pretty *Inadvertencies* will arise, which will give Refreshment to the *Reader*, as well as to the *Author*.

Thus the same Performance, contrary to the musty Rules of *Horace*, may contain a *State of Physick and Diseases*, and an *History of butter'd Applepje and Custard*. Nay, the  
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very Man, who proves our *Microcosm* to be Subject to the *Depredations* of the *Bile*, may shew that *Atheism* and *Impiety* are imported from the *Indies*, in the *Form of Tea*, and ride Triumphant thro' the World in an *Equipage of China*. Thus the *gravest* and *wisest* Person, may appear sometimes the most *refined Coxcomb*, as well as the most *scurri-lous*, tho' a Man of Learning, the most *Illiterate Pretender* to it, and stuff a Volume with such *Trite* and *Trivial* Observations even in *our own Art*, that a Physician will despise, an Empiric only read with Patience, and none but a Nurse admire, or attempt to imitate. However, this is to be remembred that, whatever *Contradictions*, *Blunders*, *Falsities* or *Digressions* an Author may commit, thro' too great an *irregularity* of the *Salts*, he is easily to be excused, or if his *Deductions* are not clear to every Body, which you confess to be your own Case ; for I don't question but, while you was Writing some Parts of your late *Treatise*, that your Brain might step aside, to unload your *Cogitation* of its Excrement, to direct the *Oeconomy* of your *Knicknackitarian*, or *Domestic Animals*, to take care of your *Toad*, or your *Butterfly*, or the *Shooing* of your *Horses*.



I my self, I must confess, tho' I propos'd stedfastly to treat of this Distemper *in my Title Page*, have, you may perceive, let it slip hitherto unawares, and perhaps, if I should again pursue the *Dictates* of my Hand, I shall be altogether Silent of it. For to have these *Paroxysms* of want of Thought, these *lucid Intervals* of Absence, is a necessary Qualification of a *Great Writer* ; and a Man, who goes on in a *continued Train of bright Notions*, will only please those who have an *Identity of Idea*, and are *just as Wise* as himself.

But, without recurring to this *Involuntary Motion of the Fingers*, 'tis easy to imagine how the *Cogitation* itself may be alter'd and perverted, by a little *Error in Diet*, or concurring with the *present Modes of Living*. I have known an Author set out with all the *Principles of Christianity* about him, and, before he has run half the Length of his Discourse, has been converted into downright *Atheism* by a Dish of Tea, and stagger'd in his Faith by the wicked *Insinuation of a Punch-Bowl*. I have known another, with all the *Candidness* and good Humour in the World, by only *dining* now and then at the *Pastry Cooks*, become the most Morose and Snarling,

the most obstinate and abusive Miscreant, which at length concluded, as you hint, in a *general Doltishness and Stupidity*: I have seen a Third, by *pampering himself in seasoned Meats and Sauces of high Savour*, or by dealing immoderately in *Deserts*, and the *Ware of the Confectioner*, grow *Needy, Desperate and Enterprizing*, as full of *Ambition, Resentment, Pride and Faction* as he could hold, and, if he had a Fancy to be knuckle-deep in Pen and Ink, then nothing but *Treason, or Heresy, calente calamo*, flow'd from him.

Mr. Durfey, in *his Dame of Honour*, has well distinguished between the *Modes of living in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth* and the *Luxury of the present Times*; and for my Part I despair of better Days till the *Taverns, the Alehouses and the Pastry-Cooks* decrease, and the *Venders of Coffee, Tea and Chocolate* are no more among us. Would once the *Simplicity and Abstemiousness of Chop-House Eating* come in vogue, we might expect to see an *happy Union* among Protestants, and the *Seeds of Animosity, Contention and the Small-Pox* never *Vegetate, or repullulate* for the Future. But, such is the *Pomp and Magnificence of our Meals*, that a Man, who would dine only for the *Sake of his Health*, must steal, *incognito,*



*cognito*, into those *Houses of Temperance* for fear of Scandal and Reflection ; and I cannot but commend your honest Policy in picking your Teeth and complaining of the Fulness of your Stomach, and the Elegance of *the Archbishop's Dinner*, tho' the Person, to whom you open'd your Uneasiness, had unluckily seen you regaling on a *Chop of Mutton*.

The ancient Custom of feeding School Boys with *Plumb-Cake* and *Applepye*, is certainly of the most pernicious Consequence, and has been the *Procatartic* Cause of all the Divisions, Distempers and Rebellions that this Nation has unfortunately experienced ; and I have often wonder'd that Mr. Lilly in his *Monita Pedagogica*, commonly call'd *Qui Mihi*, should never give, among those *Precepts of correct Deportment*, a Caution against this Diet, as if it was of no more Importance to the Youth, than the *washing his Face or his Hands, the saying his Prayers or his Lesson, or the Writing his Exercise without blotting*. Whereas all the Battles and Bloodshed of the School, come from this Kind of Feeding, and 'tis in vain to inveigh against a Boy being quarrelsome with his Play-Fellows while he is gluttet and indulged in this Liberty. 'Tis to this likewise that the Barbarity of the English, the

the fighting of Prizes, the baiting of living Quadrupeds, and the throwing at Cocks on Shrove-Tuesday may be attributed, and, had you not been fill'd with this Diet in your Youth, you had never been expell'd the Royal Society for your Insolence or ill Manners, which I am sure are not natural in your Constitution.

In short, Sir, no sooner did the Romans come to feed on these made Dishes, but their Courage and Resolution, and all the Virtues of the Intonse Cato and their Daring Ancestors, began to melt and to dissolve, like Anchovies in a Sauce, and to dwindle till their whole Empire was Devour'd at a Meal, by the Goths and Vandals. Apicius Calius has done more Mischief by his Opsoniis, and Condimentis Veterum, than Arrius and all the Ancient or Modern Hereticks put together; and, had we never seen nor heard of him, it had been happy for our Establishment both in Church and State. For 'tis the Fire of the Cook that sets the Bile in Agitation, and occasions the Inflammatory Commotions and Disorders you have treated of, and when the Fire of the Chymist is added to it, the Patient may be reckon'd justly to Escape, *ὡς διὰ πυρὸς*; which, our Parson tells me, is so far from the  
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Interpretation you put upon it, as if a *Ridicule* on the *Sacred Writer*, that 'tis a Phrase in many of the *Classicks* for a *narrow Escape*, and that some of the *Roman Catholick Divines* have brought the *very Text* as an Argument for *Purgatorial Purification*. I am afraid, my Friend, that the Person who *construed* it for you, had either a Design to expose you, or was as Ignorant of the Language as your Self; However, as it border'd on Divinity, and as a *Lambeth Doctor*, you did well to Animadvert on it; and I hope the *Chaplains* will not be backward in returning their Acknowledgments, and in recommending you as *Physician* to such Clergymen, who have the *best Preferments* in his Grace's Gift.

But, when you were enumerating the many evil Consequences of *Intemperance*, you forgot to mention any thing of the Distemper of the Ancient *Sodomites* and *Romans*, and some of our Neighbour Nations, which seems to have its Source from *these Causes*: And, tho' the *Socratic Clyster* is undoubtedly a Crime, yet I would put it to a *Casuis*t how far it might be allowable when *Physically apply'd*, especially by a *Wise and Discreet Professor of our Art*

*Art, who will not leave it to others, but superintend the whole Affair himself.*

Could we always make a due Use of the common Vices and Mistakes of Life, the Ends and Purposes of Living would in Reality be better answer'd, and turn to our Advantage. Our *Earlier Parts* of Education, together with an *Exuberance of the Bile* have made us frequently thrust our selves into Families who never sent for Us, have an Understanding with my *Lord's Gentleman*, or *Mrs. Abigail*, undertake Cases we our selves were convinc'd in Conscience were *incurable*, and cure only such *Lusory Diseases*, as existed in the *Imagination of the Patient*, and our own *delusive Impositions*.

This, however, succeeded happily enough, but the same *Assurance* has been attended now and then with some little Inconvenience. For too *positive* a Dialect among the Men of Fashion, by woeful Experience we have found, is productive of the *Action* of the Arm, or of that Sort of *muscular Motion*, call'd *Kicking*, which, I dare averr, proceeds from *Salts* very *acerb* and *acrimonious*, and more commonly from the *Froath and Bubbles of the Tongue*, than from any other *Bubbles* whatsoever. Hence that  
common



common Observation that You have *pass'd*,  
or, as the Vulgar term it, been *kick'd*  
thro' more Families than any One of  
the *Faculty*, and the Case of Lady *Anne*  
*Grey*, however faithfully represented, is the  
last, they say, of that Noble *House*, which  
will appear in the *History of your Cures*.

When Mrs. Clerke's Advocate was last among Us, he was pleas'd to carry me home with him one Day, and entertain Me with a curious Dissertation on the Tongue, till I perceiv'd the Froath and Bubble of his own Organ, to arise in too great a Quantity to proceed. In a Tongue and Udder, we had before Us, he shew'd how the Salts play'd on the Papillæ Nerviæ, and irritated them, either to Mastication or Deglutition, to the Eating Beef or Bag-pudding; or to the forming a Redundancy of Words, and a Serene Exuberance of something neither Good nor Bad. If the Salts were Saccharine, he said the Voice was sweet like Nicolini's, or squeekingly agreeable, like our Friend Dr. W——wards: but, if upon the Bitter, or the Acid, then the Person was vers'd in the Oration of Billingsgate, his Language was as hard as an Oyster-Shell, and he abounded in the same opprobrious Appellations and Reprility of Nonſence, as the Author of the Triumvirate. If they were Illegitimate and Unnatural, he demonstrated

monstrated that they would *obtrude Supposititious Suggestions, impose on the Organs of Sense, form Sounds and Voices, that were not Real*, and in short, force the Tongue to utter the most *abominable Lies*. If the *Phlegm* was *crass and viscid*, he observ'd that the *Falshood* was veil'd under a specious shew of *Truth*, but if the *Salts* were *Urinous and Ammoniac*, 'twas *Naked and Notorious*, and *smelt* by all the World. He made very excellent *Reflections* on the various *Colour of the Tongue*, in the *Small-Pox*, and both He and I agreed that your *Notions* of that Disease were *Emphatically Self-Evident*, founded on the *Wisest Aphorisms* of your own, and on an *Experience* which no-body was Master of, but your Self.

'Tis certain that the *Small-Pox* is an *Epitomy* of all *Distempers, past, present and to come*, and there is *hardly any one Symptom*, as you say, *that offends Human Nature, that does not either precede, attend or follow it*. So that whoever is *duely apprised* of this *Distemper*, is capable of curing all, and if he can get *Intelligence* where the *Biliose Salts* *reside and retreat in greater Numbers and Detachments*, he may then *chase them* as they *shift from Place to Place*, and as the *Organs successively dispatch them*, till at length he *represses their Insults and Extirpates them*. That the *Tumults* of these *Salts* are the *Causes* of this *Catholic Disease*, or rather  
this



this *Complication of all Maladies*, I do not question, but whether *Hippocrates* believ'd the *Pblegm and Bile* to be the *Origin of Diseases*, I make a *Quære*: For the *Greeks* of our *Parts* inform me, he was so far from being tied to any *Principles of Philosophy*, that he was intirely indifferent, and never regulated his *Practice* upon that *narrow Basis*. What, he says, they tell me, in another *Place*, is no *Argument* against his *Practice* in his *Epidemics*, for, in some *Places*, he talks of the *four Elements*, as his established *Principles*; in others, of the *Atomical Hypothesis*, sometimes with the *Old Methodists*, of the *Texture of the Body*, the *different Conformation of the Parts*, and *Configuration of the Pores*. And you might, as easily have found, they say, a *Text of Scripture*, as a *Passage* in the *Divine Coan*, to have proved the *Use of Oyls and Vomits* among the *Jews*, and that the *Beach-Mast Project* was *predestinated* from the *Beginning of the World*, to be discovered, in this our *Time*, for the *Universal Benefit* of this *Nation*. Besides they add, there are several *Supposititious Writings* foisted in his *Works*, that it is difficult to distinguish the *spurious* from the *Genuine*, and your *Quotation-Monger*, who never read the *Whole*, has dealt pretty much among the *Latter*, and proceeded, without either *Fear*, or

Wit, in those *Scraps of Greek*, which embellish and adorn your *Margin*.

I know, my *dearest Doctor*, that you are a trusty *Trojan*, and always bore an avow'd Enmity to the *Greeks*, notwithstanding the *Story* of your *Greek Pen*; And, altho' your Ostentation of such Paragraphs that are unintelligible, both to the Reader and to your self, looks decent, and makes you appear like a *Man of Learning*, yet you should have been a little Cautious how you got beyond your *Depth*, among your Enemies, and especially when you confess'd lately that, thro' a *Disuse*, you were utterly disabled to *Converse* in those *Territories* without a *Lexicon*.

But these *Peccadillos* are excusable, and your artful Management in treating the Small Pox, your Objections against *Purg-ing*, and your own Discoveries, have sufficiently mortify'd the *Regulars*. You have plainly prov'd, almost in every Page, that none but You and I, and those of our Fraternity or Education, are *Discreet* or *Prudent*, or duly apprised of *Matters of this Moment*: You have fac'd them down, that they are talkative, *Ostentatious*, thoughtless *Animals* and *Idiots*, defective in real Knowledge, in natural Philosophy, in Medicine, and in *Anatomy*, which was never more Studied, or better Understood amongst Us; and that *Physicians* never think alike in *Consultations*



tations, because they unanimously differ from us. You have discover'd plainly, that when any of your Patients dy'd, which very few have done, there was a Reason to be given for it, but if they escap'd, then your *Oily Method* and your *Vomit* was apply'd in the very Nick of Time, and you was an *Heroe equal to Hercules and Theseus*. You have shew'd, on the other Hand, that Their Patients generally dy'd, but, if they happen'd to survive, it was not owing to the *Promess of their Prescriptions*, but the *Work of Time and Chance*, the *Kindness of the Season*, and the *Goodness and Constitution of the Youth*. Nay, even in the Case of Mr. Bryan, never any People were better *manag'd*; for, tho' you allow that the *Vomit* took a Turn downwards and, by purging him, made Way for his *Rescue and Recovery*; yet you shew them that in this Case, the *Passage thro' the Guts* was free and open, which they never found in any of their Patients. But, however, you conclude at last, if it favour'd their *Hypothesis of Purging*, that you'll defy them boldly to make all the *Advantages* they can of it. 'Tis an Argument of Weakness and Want of Understanding to acknowledge we are in the *Wrong*, and 'tis an over modest Sort of Sheepishness, never to be forgiven, not to persist in it, even after we are convinced.

But

But you never *Puzzled and Bambou-  
zled* their purging Method so effectually,  
as by your accurate Calculation of the  
*Bills of Mortality*, and by demonstrating  
how the Numbers of the Deceas'd in  
this Disease are augmented, for *these last  
eight Years*, in Comparison with the  
former. For, as few of them are appris'd,  
even of the *common Rules of Arithmetick*,  
by this, I hope, they will be convinc'd of  
the Advantage of being *educated Accomp-  
tants*, which they have so haughtily de-  
spis'd, and that it is of more Importance  
to be vers'd in the *Ledger-Book of the Mo-  
derns*, than in the *Writings of the Anci-  
ents*. Besides, as they are acquainted lit-  
tle with the *History of Diseases*, they  
are the less capable of detecting the *Fal-  
lacy*, you have put upon them: They will  
forget to tell you that the Small Pox,  
from the Kind that rages, and many  
other Properties and Accidents, is, in Spight  
of all the *Methods of Practice*, always  
more severe in one *certain Space of Time*  
than in another, and that your City is  
prodigiously increas'd both in Buildings  
and Inhabitants.

Again, you are so extensive in your Man-  
ner of reprehending, all the *Cases* they have  
given, that they can never evade or answer  
it: They are as, you say judiciously, ei-  
ther too *Long*, or too *Short*, too *Clear*,



or too *Confus'd*, no matter which ; made upon People *Improper*, or *Unfit*, at a *Time Unseasonable*, or in a Word, are Cases you cannot like, or could wish were better told. Whereas the Cases, or rather the Persons, you mention, are *Lady Ann Grey*, *Lady Glenorchy*, *Mrs. Mawson*, *Mr. Watlington*, *Mrs. Kath. Long*, *Mr. Bryan*, *Mr. Roberts* ; who had the Small Pox, at what *Time*, *Age*, *Month*, or *Season*, or in what *Country*, or whether *Confluent* or *Distinct*, we cannot tell. This we know they recover'd, or were cur'd by a *Vomit*, or something else, and were People worthy to be mention'd if we never hear of them again.

The Bodies of the *Commonality* are made, in my Opinion, of too gross a Mould to be Philosophis'd on, and, in your *College Lectures*, Sir, you pursu'd wisely another Method, and made your Observations wholly on the *Carcasses of the Great* ; and, if, in this Performance, you had Knighted *Mr. Bryan*, or *Mr. Roberts*, or made a Brace of Ladies of *Mrs. Mawson*, or *Mrs. Long*, your Practice would have had a better Sound, and been more *Significant* and *Considerable*.

But of all these, *Lady Ann Grey's Case* who had it, and had it not, is something singular and extraordinary, but agreeable both

both to Nature, and to Reason ; for the *Pimples* which an understanding Nurse, and the whole Family agreed were the *Small Pox*, by the Administration of the *Emetic*, disappear'd, and never since *recurr'd*, and perhaps never will. And, altho' some People imagine, that you may as well *Eradicate the Seminium of Original Sin*, as the *Small Pox*, yet I can assure you, that often-times, by exhibiting a *Vomit* to a new-born Infant, I have cut off all *Supply* and *Seed* of it, and rendred it impossible for the *Distemper* ever to *recur*.

To find a Method of *inoculating* them, as in *Turkey*, or of throwing them upon the *Glutæi*, as some pretend, may answer perhaps in some Measure, but such a Practice I am speaking of, and which you manag'd *so discreetly* in the last Case, would give a total Stop to the *Distemper*, and Posterity would never know it, but by *Hearsay*.

But out of the *innumerable Examples* you can furnish us, I wonder you have *selected* none from the *Neighbourhood* of *Gresham*, who are your constant *Hearers*, while in Health, and Daily Edify by your *Erudition* and *discreet Comportment*. The grave *Matron* who had Lodgings in Mr. M——s's Chambers, deserv'd Correction for her Indecency in repudiating your Medicines, and you was



was in the Right to endeavour her *Expulsion*, for running out of her own College for Advice. For there is a Sort of *Parochial Communion* in Physick, which is Decent, Neighbourly, and ought to be observ'd, and the Whim of running after those, they never saw, for their Advice, is most pernicious to a *Practitioner* of a narrow *Distrist*. Besides, 'tis Astonishing to suppose, were not the Woman's Ignorance declar'd, that a Man, whose *Fame* is so well establish'd in other Nations, among the *Foreign Literati*, and the *Professors of the Universities abroad*, should lose his Character at Home, and amongst those who are the best acquainted with his *Deserts*.

If she had indeed an Antipathy to Oyl, it may pass for a tolerable Excuse, and I cannot, I must own, but pity such, who by an innate Aversion to this *Catholicon*, are debar'd of the greatest Blessing, Heaven has discover'd to us, for the Cure of our *Ailments and Disorders*. I entirely acquiesce, Sir, in your Opinion, That the *Beginning of all Things, Good and Bad to the Body, are in the Stomach*, and that, in all Cases, the Contents of this Organ must be cast up by *Vomit*, or bridled and repress'd by *Uunctious Medicines*. If a Man has got the *Chilblains*, the *Piles*, or the Misfortune of a *Clap*, it is owing, I agree, to the *Luggage and Lumber of the Stomach*, and no-

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thing



thing but a *Vomit* can be Serviceable. Nay, in the Case of a *Fracture*, or a *Dislocation*, I have known it necessary, and you certainly proceeded upon solid Reasons when you put Sir H. E.'s Son into a *Course of Oyls and Vomits for a sprain'd Thumb*. In Sir R. St——le's Daughter the *Emetic* might operate perhaps too briskly, and cau'e the Thigh Bone to break again: However you was so well satisfy'd of the good effect, that you continu'd her Mother in the same *Course*, even to the Day she dy'd.

An *Emetic* certainly is a Remedy so preventive of all evil Consequences, that may happen to us, that I see no Reason why it may not be taken before we undertake a *Journey*, or a *Voyage*, for Fear of a *Fall from One's Horse*, or of being *Drown'd*, or any other Accident or Disaster. And, altho' a *Stick of Elder* is accounted infallible against *Galling*, or, according to the common Phrase, against *losing Leather* when we Ride, yet a *Vomit* carry'd in One's Pocket, would be a more proper *Antidote* and *Æquipollent to the Reason and Intention* of the Thing.

But, it must be remembred that, in all Cases it is necessary, not only to evacuate the *Salts* but to temper their *Acrimony* by the Use of *Oyl*, that *Grand Alterant*. This *Benign and Amicable* Medicine is applicable, as you inculcate, at all times, in any Age, Person, or Constitution. If any one is too *Costive*, it will *Lubricate*; If *Laxative*, it will bind him; If he has a *Suppression of Urine*, it will take it off; If a *Diabetes*, it will stop it; If his *Perspiration* is profuse, it will hinder it, if not at all, promote it. If he is *Lean and Witty*, it will make him *Doltish*; if *Corpulent and Dull*, it will render him *Sprightly and Vivacious*. In short, it is  
neither



neither too Hot nor too Cold, too Moist, nor too Dry, nor Offensive to any of the *Non-naturals*; but *Carminative*, *Anodyne*, *Cardiac*, *Nervous*, *Lithontriptic*, *Vulnerary*, *Pulmonic*; a Specifick in all Distempers of the Stomach, Guts, Mesentery, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Spleen, Pancreas, Kidneys and Cerebellum, and in all other Distempers whatsoever. And yet, for all this, so Nice and Ticklish, is this Remedy, that it is not to be given by any old Woman, Quack, Apothecary, or Regular, but, *Prudently* and *Discreetly*, by you and my self, and one or two more.

When you communicate your Cases to the World, I shall beg Leave to subjoin a few, which, together with your own, will put this Method out of all Dispute. I gave some *Oxymel* and *Ipecacuanba* lately to the *Fire-Eater*, whose Stomach, I had Reason to believe, might be very foul and exuberant in Salts, from his Way of eating burning Charcoal; but, on the contrary, I found that the Ogle of *Brimstone*, *Pitch* and *Tar* was *Uctions* in its Effects, and a sort of Guard and Shelter against the Injuries and Corrosions both of the *Charcolian* and *Biliose* Particles, and that the Grand Secret of this Artist consisted chiefly in the Order and Regularity of his Dishes. However, when you are drawing up your Book of Cases, I could wish you would write without your *Periwig*, for notwithstanding you conform your self to this Customary *Lumber of the Head*, yet you must allow that it *Incommodes*, *Embarasses* and *Annoys* the Brain, and frequently occasions, as was lately your Case, the most Vexatious *Law Suits*, with the *Barbican* Fraternity,



'Tis a great Discovery you have made, Sir, that no *Disease* is extirpated but by the Removal of the Cause; nor is your State of Death it self, less remarkable than the State of *Physick* and *Diseases*. The Term of *Life* is doubtless measur'd out by the Number of the *Lacteal Vessels*, and tho' Dr. Byefield has asserted that *Methusalem* had the largest *Mesentery*, yet *Adam's*, when immortal, and before his *Fall*, must be disproportionably greater, and I much question whether Mr. *Asgill* may not bid the Fairest for the Largest of his Posterity.

As to our first *Forefather*, I am Positive he had no *Bile*, and am doubtful whether he had any *Liver*; however, as you know the Difference between the *Antidiluvian* World, and this we now inhabit, as well as if You had been among the Former, I wish You would give us a Description of the *Mechanism of Man in Paradise*.

What You say of the *Omentum* and the Use of *Fat*, I find, by my own Constitution, to be true, and, tho' my *Corpulency* is apt to make Me border upon *Stupidity*, yet I find, I am not so much exposed to the *Injuries* and *Corrosions* of the *Salts*, but very *Healthy* and *Oleose*. It would be a great Disadvantage, when I mount my *Theatre*, were not the *Cellule* of my *Membrana Adiposa* and *Omentum* tolerably stuff'd, and if your Parts are never so *Bright* or *Entertaining*, yet, from the *Meagerness* of your *Shape*, you would be never able to arise to an *Excellence in our Way*.

If a Man could have my goodly *Aspect*, and bulk of *Person*, with your *Head* upon his *Shoulders*, it is impossible to Think what *Profelytes* he might gain to the *Stage Itinerant*: I had an Instance of it lately, for, upon my repeating your *Proemium* upon *Diseases* and *Remedies*, from  
my



my *Oratorical Eminence*, you can't imagine with what Acclamations, more than Usual, I retreated; and it was allow'd by all the Populace, that my Style was *unintelligibly Sublime*, which is the Beauty of our *Rhetoric*, and that I exceeded my Self in every Part of my *Harangue*.

I know the *Regulars* express themselves with all imaginable Contempt of Us, and I heard one of them speak of You, t'other Day, with that Insolence in our *Coffee-House*, that, had not the Man himself been in too great a *Passion* to be convers'd with, I had sufficiently chastis'd him.

‘ He inveigh'd bitterly against those, who, as he call'd it, had betray'd the *Honour* of the College, by letting in such an Inundation of *Tinkers, Drapers, Dragoons*, and other *Tradesmen*, who were still *Mechanics*; as much as when they first set out, and you might, as well, he said, make *Mambrino's Helmet* of a *Barber's Bason*, as convey into them any tolerable *Idea* of their *Art*. They bring nothing, cries he, but Noise and Emptiness and Impertinence among us, and take up their Notions, as *Surreptitiously*, as their *Degrees*. As to Dr. *W——ward*, continues he, he knows nothing, either of the *Structure of the Body*, or the *Causes of Diseases*, but is *Vain, Conceited*, and *Pragmatical*, always in the Wrong, and always Positive; and his Notions are as much against the Dictates of *Common Sense*, as his Practice has been frequently repugnant to the Rules of *Common Honesty*. He stood once a Candidate for the *Hospital of Bethlem*, and they might as well Elected him a Patient, had he had *Sense* enough to have been *Mad*. All the Authors he has plunder'd are bound to Curse him, both as a *Felon* and a *Murderer*, for he has stole the  
*Brat,*



*Prat*, and destroy'd it in the Delivery. His late Performance, upon which he Prides himself, is an eternal Jargon of *Tautology*, and an inconsistent Rapsody of *borrow'd Nonsense*; and he may well defy the Faculty, for it is as impossible to be answer'd, as *Tom Brown's* Declamation of *Adverbs*, or any other Piece of *Incoherence*.

*At Vos interea venite ad ignem,*  
*Annales Volusi, eacata charta.*

He was going on in this abusive Manner, when *Apollo* interpos'd in Form of Fee, according to the *Dispensary*, and he retreated as hastily as he had spoke. In the mean time, I resum'd the Discourse with great *Calmness*, and said, the Gentleman was entirely mistaken in the Character of the Doctor, for I was bred at the same College with him, and consequently knew him better. One of them immediately interrupted me, by asking, in which of the *University's*, but, I seeming not to hear him, turn'd directly to two or three of our chief *Burgomasters*, who were intimate with Mr. T——sh the Vintner, of your City.

I know, says I, no two Men in the World more alike than Dr. W——d and your Acquaintance Mr. T——sh; there is the same Manner of Obliging, the same Gracefulness of Gesture, the same Quaintness of Address, the same Oyliness of Tongue, the same Suppleness in their Hams, and the same Singularity of Behaviour in them both. They are, each of them, at the Helm of their Professions, and if the One Dilates too Luxuriantly upon the Virtues of his Oyl, the Other, is equally as Rhetorical on the Qualities of his Claret.

And to speak the Truth, notwithstanding the Gentleman's Reflections, Dr. W——ds Style,  
 like



like Mr. T--*sb's* Wine, will appear to every one, who has a Taste for either, to be Clear, Deep, bright, Strong, Sincere, and Pure, Sound and Dry, and truly Classical.

Upon the Whole, Sir, I defended You so well, that all the Company seem'd to Credit my Account ; but, as I must expect to be treated Ill, for my Intimacy with You, and this *Encomium* on your Writings, I have already prepar'd a Pamphlet that shall totally Demolish the Tripple Headed Cerberus. I fasted two Days before I begun upon it, that I might write in the Keeneſt and moſt Vindictive Terms ; for *Paſſion being ſeated in the Stomach*, as You well obſerve, I find, I am apt to be the moſt Paſſionate, when I am the moſt Hungry. What I Deſign, is, by Way of Letter to the Fatal three-legg'd *Ædifice*, ſuppos'd to be wrote by a Friend of mine ; in which, he ſhall be unuſually Witty upon thoſe Sticks of Wood. He ſhall demonſtrate, that the *Fiſt* has been an Evidence to many a dying Speech, and Penitential *Pſalm*, which deſerv'd to be put in Print, *Secundum Uſum Sarum*. That the Second and Third were hewn out of Timber, very improper for the Poſts, they now enjoy, and a great deal more to the ſame Purpoſe.

When he has been thus extravagantly Arch upon them, and fool'd away his Time, he ſhall declare frankly, that he has no Deſign to Reſlect on any one, that Banter and Buffoonery, Drollery and Ridicule, are not his Talent, as you may perceive, tho' a very eaſy Way of Writing. He ſhall take Occaſion farther to inſinuate, that Dr. Tripe, has, in a ſerious Manner, wrote a Letter to Dr. W——d, full of uſeful and important Discoveries, and kindly communicated it  
and



to the Public, as he dispenses his Medicines in his Travels, for the common Good of Mankind; wherein, that his *Packet* may sell the better, he has judiciously found fault with other Mens Practice. That it is hard and invidious to be hooted at, by School-Boys, for taking care of such a Valuable Jewel, as the Health of Man; but that the Doctor had receiv'd such Treatment, formerly upon his Stage, till his Merry Andrew dissipated the Multitude, and he stood supported in his Reputation, both at Home and Abroad. After this he shall propound some Questions to them concerning the Bile, their Diet, the Zibethum, Occidentale, the Aorta and the Use of Oyl and Vomits; to which he shall desire them not to Shuffle or Bambouzel, but answer directly, as to their Catechism: A Specimen, I confess, tho' not a Parallel of the Proverb, that Balaam's Ass can ask more Questions than the Wisest of us all can Answer.

He shall grow Sick at length, of such poor Stuff, and conclude that his Friend the Doctor is no Trader; talk of selling Chalk and Gravel, that Asses have had Degrees at Lambeth, and other Places; tell a Story of Colonel Birch, and shew, what I have done already, That Learning is to be got by kicking one's Heels against a Shop-board; and that Dr. Tripe together with Dr. W——d, are the only Men, that have made Physick intelligible.

In short, in my Opinion, the Bite is good, will take effectually, and will make us look as if we had Friends and Admirers in the World,

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

A. Tripe.



3

T H E  
CORNUTOR  
Of SEVENTY-FIVE.

Being a genuine NARRATIVE of the  
LIFE, ADVENTURES, and AMOURS,  
O F

*Don Ricardo Honeywater,*

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians  
at *Madrid, Salamanca, and Toledo*; and  
President of the Academy of Sciences in  
*Lapland.*

CONTAINING,

Amongst many other diverting Particulars, his  
Intrigue with *Dona Maria W———s*, of *Via*  
*Vinculosa*, anglice, *Fetter-Lane*, in the City of  
*Madrid.*

---

*Written originally, in Spanish, by the Author of Don*  
*Quixot, and translated into English by a Graduate*  
*of the College of Mecca in Arabia.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Cobham, near St. Paul's.

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# INTRODUCTION.



WHETHER the following Tract was design'd, by the Author, as a Novel, or is really a true History of Don *Ricardo*, is much disputed by the learned Critics : Some, who are acquainted with the facetious Humour of the Author of *Don Quixot*, can scarce believe that fanciful Gentleman cou'd ever write any thing but Fiction, and that he intended this little Piece as a Satire upon the conceited Humour of a great many Gentlemen of the Faculty of Physicians, in his Time ; and that there is nothing particularly aim'd against the Person of Don *Ricardo*, more than the rest of his

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iv *INTRODUCTION.*

Tribe, who are possess'd of the same Foibles : Others, again, pretend to spy something of a serious Turn in the Narration, not peculiar to the Style of a Romance, and contend, that it is a real Portrait of a Person then existing, and no fictitious Character : It is certain, say they, that such a Person as Don *Ricardo* really lived, and was the most eminent Man in the Profession of Physick in the whole Monarchy of *Spain*, and, it is said, had some very particular Whims, which all great Men have their Share of, which that romantick Author has laid hold of, and mixing them with some Fable, which it was impossible for one of his Humour to avoid, produced our *Cornutor*. I am not at Leisure, at present, to settle the Dispute on both Sides, nor indeed am I able to satisfy myself about it. It afforded Matter of much Contest between the Universities of *Toledo* and *Salamanca*, and was  
never



## INTRODUCTION. v

never settled at last, though much had been said on both Sides; but be it a true Narration, or only the Product of the Author's Brains, this little Treatise has been very well receiv'd by all the learned and unlearned World: It has been translated into seventeen Languages, and has undergone as many Editions in all of them. Among so many Versions, it's impossible but some Errors must have crept in, and, it's believed, even in some Copies of the original *Spanish*, it has been interpolated in some Places, and miserably castrated in others, either thro' the Malice, Ignorance, or Prepossessions of the Transcribers; but that the *English* Readers might reap the Pleasure of a correct and pure Version, I had all the Seventeen collated together, by the greatest Professors of the several Languages. But that did not please me; I found innumerable Contradictions, vulgar Expressions, and Incorrectness of Style, quite

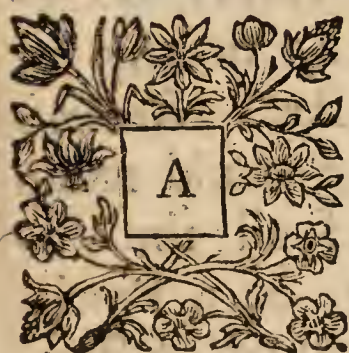
## vi INTRODUCTION.

quite inconsistent with the Dignity of the Original: I had Recourse then to all the Libraries in *Spain*, wherein I suspected Manuscripts might be found, and, at last, by the Favour of my very worthy and learned Friend, the Professor of Physick in *Salamanca*, I procur'd a Copy of a *Latin* Version, which had been done from the Original under Don *Ricardo's* own *Direction*, as the Title Page expresses. Being thus secure of the Purity of the Text, I set about the Translation, which I have labour'd, all in my Power, to work up to the Sublimity of Sentiment, and Dignity of Style, so peculiar to my Author; and I can say of this, as hath been said of the rest of my Author's Works, that every one of my Readers hath a Pleasure to come, 'till they read the following Narrative.





*The* CORNUTOR of Seventy-five, &c.



At what Time, or in what Reign, Don *Ricardo Honey-water*, the Subject of the following Pages, was born, is not very material to my Readers; and, for some Reasons known only to myself, they must excuse me if I conceal that Particular; let it suffice, that he flourish'd some Time since the Reign of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, and, by his great Talents and profound Erudition, enrich'd the Physical World with Discoveries equally surprising and beneficial with those made by *Columbus* in the *American* Sphere.

He was not indeed nobly born, but his Parents were some few Degrees remov'd from the Vulgar, and enabled to give *Ricardo* a very liberal Education at the University of *Salamanca*. He pass'd his Course of Philosophy with great Applause, and tho' no bright Genius hitherto discovered itself, yet, by meer Dint of Application, he acquired more of the Out-lines of Literature than Lads of brighter  
Parts



Parts could attain in a much longer Standing. The Slowness of his Apprehension, and the Gravity of his Aspect, which his fond Parents mistook for Solidity of Judgment, determin'd *Ricardo* to the Study of Physick. He turn'd over with great Patience and Industry, all the Works of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, and *Aristotle*, with innumerable Folio Volumes of ancient old Women, famous, in their Days and Generation, for their Skill in all, or any of, the Branches of the Medical Art. *Ricardo* had a tenacious Memory, and could retain the Names and Title Pages of all the Volumes he had read, and even, on a Pinch, could recollect some of the Gleanings of Physical Science, which he had pick'd out of the Inside of that Heap of Rubbish, which he took Care to display on all Occasions, especially in his Exercises in the publick Hall, where he often puzzled the Professor with Cases, and Names of Doctors he had never heard of, which *Ricardo* had pick'd out of musty Volumes, Nobody ever peep'd into but himself. The Professor, on these Occasions, always applauded *Ricardo's* Diligence; not caring to contradict him, lest he should be put to the painful Labour of searching into these mouldy Records to refute his crude Conceptions.

By this Display of ancient Knowledge, and the Indolence of the Professor, not much vers'd in that kind of Study, *Ricardo* gain'd the



Pre-eminence, in Fame, of all his Fellow Students, and a Degree of Self-Conceit, which never left him till his Death, and obscur'd, in some Measure, his real Physical Capacity: For, while he remain'd at the University, he found his Quotations of remote Authors of such great Use in all Arguments, that sometimes, when his Memory fail'd him in real Cases, he rack'd his Invention to supply the Deficiency with fictitious ones, which never had any Existence; and tho' his Genius was not over pregnant on any other Occasion, yet his Talent seem'd to be wonderfully fruitful in this Way; so that, let him advance the most absurd Doctrine in Nature, he was never at a Loss for the Authority of some old Doctor to establish his Opinion, and confound his Antagonist: But, unhappily for *Ricardo*, at one particular Occasion his inventive Faculty shot him a Point beyond his Mark, and brought his future Quotations into great Disrepute: He had been appointed to impugn a Thesis publickly, and finding himself pinch'd in the Argument by his Opponent, he had Recourse to his old Trick of forging Cases and Authorities. He related, with great Accuracy, the Process of a very remarkable Case, and charg'd the Relation upon a noted Doctor among the *Arabians*. The Case was in Point, and very much puzzled *Ricardo's* Antagonist, who, at last, recollecting himself, told him, he had read that Doctor's Works, but did not remember that Case;

and ask'd, where it might have happen'd? *Ricardo* reply'd, very dogmatically, that he could not help his Ignorance; but that the Case was to be seen in the Doctor's Manuscript, and was performed in such a City in *Arabia*. The Sound of the Name happen'd not to agree with the young Student's Ear, who understood *Arabick* very well, and told *Ricardo*, that he believed there was no such City in any of the *Arabias*. The Map was appeal'd to, but none such to be found; for the City he had mention'd was the Name of a small Promontory near the Cape of *Good Hope*. At last the Manuscript was also appeal'd to, but neither City nor Case was to be met with. *Ricardo* had the Laugh of the whole College, and ever after it became a By-Word among the Students, on any false Quotation, *It's only in Ricardo's Brains, where he found the Arabian City*.

This was the only Rub *Ricardo* met with at the University, which he soon got over by the meer Force of Effrontery, and went on, as formerly, in the Study of the Physical Fathers, and dictating from them in their genuine Spirit of Gravity, and became, in a few Years, the Oracle of *Salamanca*, where only the Theory of Physick was talk'd of; for there was, in that City, but little Opportunity to put their wise Notions in Practice. And now *Ricardo*, having taken his Degrees, which the College was very willing to give him, tho'

meerly



meerly to get rid of his dogmatick Humour, jump'd into the World a most exquisite knowing Physician. He made his first Appearance at the Village where his Father and Mother liv'd, and would fain have begun his Practice on the old People; but the good Man, his Father, could not be perswaded that he was sick, notwithstanding all his Son's Arguments to prove him so; therefore he was obliged to remain some Time without Patients. But at last, wearied of his present Obscurity, and fretting at the Healthfulness of his Native Soil, he resolved to leave it, and set out for *Madrid*, where he believed his Physical Talents would soon be made publick.

Fortune was favourable to our young Doctor, and did more for him than all the Knowledge of *Galen* and *Hippocrates*; for, in his Way to *Madrid*, he put up at a House where a Valet de Chambre of the Catholick King's Physician had been detain'd by a slight Fever, for some Days. The Young Man, who had not, in that Part of the Country, the Opportunity of calling a Doctor, was rejoiced to hear there was one alighted; and the Doctor was no less pleas'd that he had found a Patient. Upon understanding the Quality of the sick Man, and that he was a Domestick of the King's Physician, he approach'd him with all the Physical Ceremony he was Master of, in order to give the Patient a venerable Idea of his Capacity and Judgment, and believing that every thing

about a Physician, even his Mule, must have heard of *Galen*, and the rest of them; he repeated as many Aphorisms in *Greek* as he could remember, and read his Patient a Lecture, at least, of two Hours, upon the Diagnosticks, Prognosticks, &c. of his Distemper, pronounced him in a very bad and dangerous Case, tho', God knows, there was nothing particular or alarming in any of the Symptoms that appear'd, before the Doctor took him in Hand; but the Young Fellow hearing so much learned Language bestow'd upon his Case, judg'd himself in a desperate Way; and, in a little Time, such is the powerful Effect of Imagination, his Fever encreas'd, not without some malignant Symptoms, as the Doctor term'd them; but by the Help of Opiates and Epispasticks he was thrown into a Delirium, out of which he was dragg'd by a plentiful Course of Phlebotomy, Glisters, and other Evacuations of the most potent Tribe. The Doctor did all he could to make him really ill, but, in Spite of *Galen*, Nature got the better, and the Youth began to betray some Hopes of out-living the Doctor, at least, for this Bout; all which *Ricardo* attributed to his profound Skill, and the Patient had not Judgment enough, in the Misteries of Physick, to dispute the Matter: He was fully persuaded he had been bad, by what Means he could not suspect; he was now recovered; who could he thank for it but the Doctor?

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As soon as Strength would permit, the Patient and the Doctor set out for *Madrid*; and the Young Man could do no less than introduce *Ricardo* to his Master, as one who had sav'd his Life. The King's Physician, who, by the Bye, was no Conjuror, receiv'd our young Doctor with great Politeness; and *Ricardo* presented him with his Servant's Case in Writing, wherein he had taken Care to quote some great ancient Doctor for every Prescription he had given him, and larded it so strongly with *Greek*, (a Language of which the King's Physician did not understand one Word) that the old Gentleman, for Fear of discovering his Ignorance, was obliged to admire *Ricardo's* great Learning; and from that Minute they commenc'd an intimate Friendship, to the great Misfortune of many Thousands in the City of *Madrid*.

*Ricardo* soon found out the Royal Physician's blind Side, and discover'd his Ignorance of the ancient Authors and their Practice, tho' he saw he had no Inclination to confess that Deficiency. In all Cases, as at the University, every Argument, tho' supported by Reason and Experience, was knock'd down by some *ipse dixit* of the ancient Dons, who were always of *Ricardo's* Opinion; and by this Means he obtain'd an Ascendant over his Patron, which he took Care to keep up in the strictest Manner as long as he liv'd.

*Ricardo,*



*Ricardo*, by the Countenance of the good-natur'd Physician, stole into Practice, and now set up for a Dictator in Physick: He abhorr'd every Thing that was modern, except his own Inventions, and those he deliver'd as Oracles, and always supported his Practice, however absurd, by it's Analogy with some obscure Ancient, who had nothing but mouldy Antiquity to recommend him to a Place in his Library.

His Interest with the great Dons, who submitted to him, partly to conceal their own Ignorance, and partly out of indolent Good-nature, made him the Tyrant of all young Practitioners, who must submit to his Method of Practice or starve: For *Ricardo* had form'd a Juncto of the first Rate Dons in Fashion, who laid down what Rules or *Precepts* they pleas'd to the whole Faculty, while they took the Liberty to alter any thing in their own Practice, as the Whim took them: By this Means, if *Ricardo* pleas'd to pronounce Apples Poison, the whole Body of *Galenists* swallow'd his Doctrine and abhorr'd Apples; and if he took it into his Head to recommend *Arsenick*, in Scruples, as a salubrious Dose, it was prescrib'd, without the least Remorse or Hesitation, by the supple Tribe of complying Doctors.

The King's Physician dies, and *Ricardo* adds Don to his Name and steps into his Place, and reign'd the sole Monarch of the Physical World,



World, at least, as far as the Power of *Spain* reach'd. But, like all sovereign Princes and great Men, he had his Envyers and Detractors; and truly, he managed Things with such a high Hand, that the Sons of *Esculapius* must have been void of all Spirit, or Sense of Liberty, if they had not made one Push for their Freedom.

Some Disputes arose in the College about the Treatment of kyb'd-Heels, which afforded a Handle to the Physical Malecontents to show their Spleen at Don *Ricardo*: The Case was this; A Friend of the Don's, and one of the Triumvirate, who kept every body else in Slavery, happen'd to miscarry in a Case of kyb'd-Heels he had under his Cure. At first Sneers and Surmises were handed about, which gave the Juncto the Alarm, and made them fancy their Power was in Danger: They, to support their Credit with the People, clubb'd their Wits for a Treatise, or Collection of Letters, on the Subject of kyb'd Heels. Thus a Paper-War commenced, in which the Don and his Friends met with some severe Rubs, deliver'd in a Strain of Humour ill becoming the boasted Gravity of the College. As long as Arguments, or the Shadow of them, could stand them in any Stead, they us'd 'em; but their Fund being soon exhausted, and some Volleys of Wit being play'd off at them, the Don could stand it no longer with any Degree of Patience; but, laying aside  
the

the grave Pace and solemn Gate, dresses himself in a short Jacket, light Pumps, and a Night-Cap Wigg, with a Toledo of an unmerciful Size by his Side, and a Truncheon as large as *Hercules's* Club in his Hand: Thus equipp'd, and full of dreadful Wrath, he issues out on a fatal Day, between the Hours of Twelve and One, to a Coffee-House, to which the Chief of the Malecontents usually resorted. The Appearance of the Don, in this Masquerade Habit, drew the Attention of all the Company in the House, except the Gentleman who was most concern'd in the Metamorphosis: He happen'd to be up in a Corner, taking a comfortable Nap in an Elbow Chair. Don *Ricardo*, rolling his dreadful Eyes about the Room, espy'd him in this unguarded Posture, steps hastily up to him, and with a sound Thwack of the heavy Truncheon, rous'd the sleeping Doctor from his Slumber; the Stroke, besides bruising the *Pericranium* a little, tho' not much, for it happen'd to be of a comfortable Thickness, discompos'd the Oeconomy of his Specifick Wig, and set it to one Side: Starting up, and rubbing his Eyes a little, he lugg'd out his Sword, and made a full Pass at the Don, which so dismay'd the latter, that he had neither Courage to reiterate the Blow, nor to draw in his Defence. The Doctor's Push pass'd through one of the Skirts of *Ricardo's* Jacket, and graz'd upon the Waistband of his Breeches, but

went



went no deeper: However, that open'd a Vein in the Don, which became perceptible to all the House, and made them rejoice that he trusted more to his Heels than the Prowess of his Arm. When he took Flight in this ill-favour'd Wind, they stopp'd the Doctor in his Pursuit, and allow'd the Don to get into his Chariot without further Damage.

This Scuffle, which the Pasquinades of those Days describ'd at full Length, furnish'd the City and Suburbs with Matter of Mirth for several Days, and put an End, in some Measure, for that Time, to the serious Part of the Dispute about kyb'd-Heels: For the Don's Party found they lost Ground, when they attack'd either by Blows or Argument; and then the other Party, besides Reason, had a mischievous Auxiliary call'd Wit, which always set the Don's Teeth so much on Edge, that he would use a Circumlocution of a Mile long, before he would allow it to mingle in his Conversation; and the least Resemblance of it, tho' in the Shape of a Conundrum in the Mouth of his Enemy, was worse than a Third Day's Ague.

However, tho' this was the Event of this intestine War in the Physical World, it had its Effect; for it put Don *Ricardo* upon commencing Author, and the Spleen he conceiv'd against the Doctor, of the curst Scuffle, supply'd him with a Kind of Seasoning to his Performance, which otherwise would have

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been

been very unpalatable: For it's observable, that the Don could not write a Line, even twenty Years after his Antagonist was laid in his Grave, without loading his Memory with the most virulent low-liv'd Invectives, and that in Spight of Decency, Common Sense, or the Tenor of his Subject, which led him on quite a different Scent. However, as Scandal and Detraction is wonderfully pleasing to the Bulk of Mankind, the Don, by now and then interlarding his Prefaces, &c. with that Kind of Stuff, saved many Impressions of his Labours from the Pastry-Cooks and Cheesemongers, and plac'd them under the Protection of gossiping old Women, who generally love Scandal in their Hearts, and hate Panegyrick as much as the Don does Wit.

The first Production of the Doctor's prov'd to be a Discourse on all the Plagues of *Egypt*, where he takes Occasion to trace them to their original Fountain in *Africa*, and lays down a Scheme for preventing the propagating of the Pest, by enclosing all that Quarter of the World with a Brick-Wall of Forty Feet high and Twenty Feet thick, to be guarded by a Million of Soldiers, draughted out of all Parts of the World, and maintain'd at the Expence of the several Potentates on Earth. He propos'd himself to go, as Embassador, to the Emperor of *Morocco* and *Prester John*, to persuade these Princes to  
consent,



consent, amicably, to perpetual Imprisonment; and, if his Eloquence could not prevail on these Barbarians, he intended to form a League with the Emperors of *Japan*, *China*, and the *Great Mogul*, to force them into Durance, whether they would or not.

In another Treatise, he proves all Kind of Poison and contagious Diseases to be the Growth of the same Place, and makes it as plain as a Pike-Staff, that the Bite of a Rattle-Snake is absolute Death without a proper Antedote; and that this Reptile receiv'd the first Seeds of it's malignant Quality from it's Commerce with the other Monsters of *Africa*, tho' it should be found in *Virginia* and *Maryland*, half the Globe distant from that Quarter of the World. All these wonderful Discoveries he quotes most ancient Authorities for; and, in particular, to prove the Necessity, Probality, and great Utility of his Scheme for inclosing *Africa*: He cites the wise and prudent Conduct of the *Hottentots* of the Cape of *Good Hope*, and proves, by an Argument, *ad Hominem*, that since so wise a People as the *Hottentots*, inhabiting a Part of that Continent, use the same Method proposed in similar Circumstances, the whole of *Africa* cannot complain of Injustice, since they themselves have furnish'd an Example.

These learned Lucubrations of the Don's met with so good a Reception from the Literati of that Age, that he fancy'd himself

an Oracle, and presently set up for a Conjur-  
 rer, under the pompous Title of *Astrologer*  
*General* to the *Spanish* Empire. He became  
 principal Secretary to all the Planets, and  
 Prime Minister to the Sun and Moon, of  
 whose Powers and Faculties he wrote a learn-  
 ed and elaborate Treatise; proving, that not  
 a Plant could grow without Leave of the  
 Sun, and that we should be all Frozen to  
 Death, in one Winter, if it was not for the  
 powerful Influence of that warm Luminary.  
 He discover'd such Depth of Science and pro-  
 found Erudition, in this, and all his other  
 Works, that if *Solomon* had been alive he had  
 burnt his *Proverbs*, as not to be put in Com-  
 petition with the shrewd Observations of this  
 Prince of Physicians. He wrote them all in  
*Latin*, disdaining to permit his learned La-  
 bours to be defiled with the vulgar Dialect of  
*Spain*; and pretended to write that Language  
 in a pure *Ciceronian* Style, tho' some could  
 smell the Brogue of *Arragon* in most of his  
 Compositions, and that the *Spanish* Idiom  
 was so thinly varnish'd over with old *Latin*,  
 it was easily seen thro'.

However, tho' the Doctor disdain'd to  
 write himself in plain *Spanish*, he vouchsafed,  
 for the Sake of his Bookseller, (a good ho-  
 nest well-meaning Tradesman) to superintend  
 a Translation into the vulgar Tongue; but  
 would by no Means permit any other Version  
 to pass upon the World, lest the sublime  
 Dignity



Dignity of the Text should be debas'd or mistaken : He apprehended there ought to be as much Care taken in transcribing his Works, as there was in the *Septuagint* Version of the *Bible*; and that a Grammatical Blunder was of equal Consequence to the well-being of Mankind.

The last Production of this celebrated Don's was an accurate Treatise on *kyb'd-Heels* and *Chil-Blains*. He thought now his Reputation as a Physician, Author, and Astrologer, so firmly establish'd, especially as his former Antagonists were twenty Years dead, that he thought it high Time to give the finishing Stroke to that important Controversy.

The Work was long prepar'd, often perus'd, alter'd and amended; at last it appear'd with a prodigious Eclat, and seem'd to be the *ne plus ultra* of Physical Science. He traces *kyb'd-Heels* to their Source in *Africa*, and leads them by the Hand all over *Europe*, *Asia* and *America*, distinguishes them into several Classes, and, like *Adam* at the Creation, bestows on each Species it's distinct Name, significant of all it's malignant Marks, Symptoms and Qualities, and proceeds with solemn Gravity to deliver oraculous Precepts for the Cure of this Enemy to the Supporters of human Kind. In short, he is so full and explicit, that a blind Man, by feeling, might know when his Heels was *kyb'd*, and the meerest old Woman might, by following these Precepts,

Precepts, cure them, if they happen'd not to be monstroufly malignant, which, he says, sometimes they are, so much as even to baffle the Skill of the Doctor, and the Influence of the Sun and Moon.

But such was the Doctor's Modesty, that he endeavours to prop his own Diaphanous Arguments with the weighty Opinion of a *Siberian* Doctor, who, about Five Hundred Years ago, travell'd as Physician in Ordinary to the Serene Baron *Brun*, during his Peregrinations in that learned Country, and wrote a curious Treatise on the Subject of kyb'd-Heels.

This celebrated Manuscript the Doctor purchased from a *Greek* Merchant, at a great Expence, and had it translated into *Latin*, out of the *Siberian* Tongue, by a learned Professor at *Moscow*, and annex'd it verbatim to his own Treatise. This Piece was of singular Advantage to the Public; for therein, tho' he prescribes a quite different Regimen from what would agree with a *Spanish* Constitution; yet he proves clearly, that kyb'd-Heels are kyb'd-Heels, and that the Patient may either die, or live, as God pleaseth; which are Points that were not before so clearly understood, nor believed, 'till the Authority of Don *Ricardo*, agreeing with Baron *Brun's* Physician, settled it beyond Contradiction. Another Advantage, which flow'd from this Treatise, was, that it being  
one.



one Half the Book, swell'd the Price from that of an ordinary Pamphlet, to that of a sizeable Volume, and prov'd of Double the Advantage to honest Mr. *Title-Page*, the Don's Bookseller; and then made a more portly Figure, when curiously gilt on the Back, if it should chance to be condemn'd, for it's Sins, to some unmolested Shelf in an unread Library.

This Tract the Don valued himself much upon; and, I am told, he once resolv'd to bestow Twenty Years in superintending the vulgar Version; which, for Mr. *Title-Page's* Sake, was carrying on by the Don's Cabinet-Keeper; and that he design'd to procure a Bull from the Pope, back'd by the Power of the Inquisition, to make it damnable Heresy in any one to alter the sacred Text, or presume to read any other Translation than this long look'd-for one, under his *own Direction*: But, 'tis said, he dropt this Design, finding it impracticable.

But 'tis Time to have done with the Doctor's Transactions as an Author, and the learned Part of his Life; let me only add, that he affected to be a Philosopher and Antiquary, and purchased an infinite Number of expensive Rarities: But his great Talent lay in curious gilt Books, expensive Versions, and learned Manuscripts, no Matter in what Science, Language, or of what Use; so they were

were uncommon and learned, they were the Doctor's Purchase. He carried this Foible a great Length, and was often bubbled by those who had found it out, but never more than by an *Armenian Jew*, who pretended to sell him a *Chinese* Manuscript, writ by the famous *Confucius*: The Writing had all the outward Marks of grey-hair'd Antiquity, and the Don was so eager to be possess'd of so inestimable a Treasure as any Thing under the Hand of that great Moralist *Confucius*, that he swallowed the Bait, and gave the *Jew* his own Price, which was pretty unconscionable. The Don immediately sent for a Jesuit, who had been upon the *Chinese* Mission, and shewed him the Curiosity, but the good Father could not understand the Character, tho' he said he could read some *Chinese*, but not all their Writings. This did not put the Don out of Conceit with his Purchase; he was sure it was genuine, and would not be persuaded to the contrary, but he wanted much to hear a little of it read; he tried many, but none could decypher the Writing: At last, he shewed it to a Monk of the Convent of *Irish Benedictines*, who no sooner cast his Eye upon it, than he swore by his Shoul and St. *Patrick*, but it was *Irish*, and the History of the Giant *Phan M'Coul*, noted in the *Irish* Legend, out of which this had been stolen. The Don was thunder-struck to be trick'd out of 1500 Pistoles



Pistoles for an old *Irish* Tale not worth a Crown, but begg'd of the Monk not to reveal it, lest he should be laugh'd at, and the Character of his Collection of Oriental Manuscripts called in Question. The Monk had the *Irish* History for keeping the Secret, which he blabb'd to the next he met, and at last made it quite public.

Pictures, Busts, and Bronzes, were other Foibles of his, which drained his Treasure pretty much; but he was so much the Doctor in Fashion, that half the Treasure of the *Flotilla* was purged and bled into his Coffers, to supply him with Money to throw away on the meereſt Trifles, under the Notion of Relicts and Curiosities. 'Tis true, to these fantastical Pleasures he added some more sensual and less reserv'd: He kept the most luxurious Table in all *Madrid*, and drank the richest Wines that could be purchased for Money; and, while young, a Brace or two of the most delicate *Bona Robas*, to solace with at Night, as could be pick'd up by the most experienced Pimps of *Spain* and *Italy*.

Tho', to do him Justice, I believe the eating and drinking Bout was rather from a Principle of Hospitality than to please his own Palate: He had many good Qualities, and that of Hospitality none of the least of them, and would undoubtedly have made a considerable Figure in the Annals of Physick,

had he been less sensible of his own Abilities, granted some small Toleration for differing from his *ipse dixit*, and been pleas'd to be less infallible than he was.

But all this could not keep off old Age and it's Attendants : The Doctor was young in Person as long as he could, and remained youthful in Imagination when Age had chill'd his vital Heat, and left him a wither'd Stump of what he once was. It was in this Decline of Life he happen'd to fall acquainted with Dona *Maria W——s* of *Via Vinculosa*, which happen'd in this Manner.

Dona *Maria* was about Twenty-five, of a florid Complexion, brisk wanton Eyes, and a Temper wonderfully facetious after her Way; her Shape was easy, and her Stature of the middle Size : In a Word, she was what may be called an agreeable Woman, but low-bred, and married to an *Irish* Renegade, not much above her own Years : They were both expensive and very poor, with very few Principles of Virtue betwixt them. Thus much for Dona's Character. She chanced to be taken ill, and, living not far from Don *Ricardo's* House, was acquainted with Doctor *Chimney*, likewise an *Irishman*, Keeper of the Don's Cabinet of Rarities : Application was made to Doctor *Chimney* to visit his Countryman's Wife, which he did, and found her so bad, that he thought proper to ask the Don's Opinion



nion of her Case, and artfully painted her Person and Circumstances in such Manner, as to raise both the Don's Compassion and Curiosity to see her: The Bait took, and the Don drove in his Chariot to the afflicted Fair; who received the old Doctor in the most agreeable *Disfhabille* she could put on: He gravely felt her Pulse, but peep'd at her snowy Bosom, and fancied more than he saw; Design and Accident discovered more and more of her Charms, 'till the old Don was more in a Fever than his Patient. But not to dwell on too minute Circumstances, the Don was enamour'd, the Lady recovered, was courted, and, with her Husband's Consent, received the Addresses of *Don Ricardo*: She shewed all the Reluctance that was necessary, to inflame her Lover and enhance her Price; and at last, when Things were brought to her Mind, she ordered her Husband to a Tournament at *Seville*, and made the Don allow Money sufficient for his Charges, and appointed that Night to make the Youth of Seventy-five compleatly happy.

Whatever Expectations the Don might have, *Dona Maria* had none, very warm, from this Rencounter: She had made herself Amends before her Husband went away, and waited only the Hour, in Hopes of a little Mirth at the Expence of her old Lover.

The Minute came, and Dona and the Don are now in Bed, well warmed and richly perfumed, and Nature stimulated by the Power of Drugs ; but the genial Heat was gone, the pendant Vessels could never be replete, nor raised by Art to their pristine Vigour. The old Youth clasped the longing Nymph, with feeble Eagerness, in his withered Arms, and she yielded to the foetid Embrace ; but, in the critical Minute, his Courage failed him, and, full of Remorse, he shrunk into his feeble State of Inactivity : Thus baffling, and baffled, they pass'd an Hour or two, to the great Mortification of both. At last, a Thought struck the Nymph in the Head, which she hinted to the Don. She was soon understood, and the Scheme was put in Practice with as much Severity as ever Pedant flogg'd his Pupil. The Don's Posteriors were taught a Feeling, if nothing else was ; but all in vain. This Night's Campaign contributed nothing to cure the Don's Itch of Blood, and several successive Nights had no better Effect ; they only convinced him of the Frailty of the Flesh, and that his Part on the Stage was not to be active. From this Time he contents himself with surveying Dona *Maria's* naked Beauties, pressing her secret Charms, and in combing her red Locks. In this Kind of Dalliance, he passes away all his idle Hours, and now and then submits to the School-Boy's

Disci-



Discipline to promote Perspiration. The Husband can sit by, and see him play over all his Tricks, and laugh at his Weakness, while he lives in the greatest Plenty and Splendor at the Doctor's Charge, indulging himself and Spouse in all the Wantonness of Luxury and Vice, as secure of Supply and Protection from the doating Don. As an Instance of this, the complaisant Husband happen'd to be guilty of some ~~Vau Pa~~, for which the Judges were so honest as to condemn him to a Twelve-month's Imprisonment, and standing twice in the Pillory ; but, by the Help of omnipotent Gold and the Don's Interest, the willing Cuckold was released from his Confinement in a Week, and excused from the Pillory, and afterwards swagger'd away at all Bull-Fights, Tournaments, and other public Diversions, as if no such Disgrace had happened to him. As for his Spouse, the Don visited her as publicly as if she had been his own, or the most reputable Lady of all *Madrid*: So much did he think himself above Censure.

*fant p.*

F I N I S.





A SERIOUS  
ADDRESS  
TO THE  
FREEHOLDERS  
OF  
GREAT-BRITAIN.  
BY A  
MERCHANT of LONDON.



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LONDON:

Printed for J. BROTHERTON, in Cornhill, 1755.

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1875

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1875

FRANKLIN D. S.





TO THE  
 WORTHY FREEHOLDERS  
 OF  
*GREAT-BRITAIN.*

**I**T has been once before in this Century, that you were publickly appealed to for the general Good of the Kingdom, at a Time when the Subject to be established became the chief Concern of every Well-wisher to the Illustrious Family on the Throne, in Opposition to Arbitrary Power under a Popish Pretender ; and the able Author of that Treatise was so happy as to see his Labours crowned with Blessings, which we have long enjoyed under his present Majesty and his renowned Predecessor.

In the Course of general History you may find the several Causes of Decline in great Empires, Kingdoms and States, either from wrong Policy, Luxury, or the Treachery of those intrusted with their publick Administration.

But as it is not here necessary to recount the Rise and Downfal of *Affyrian*, *Persian*, *Macedonian*, or *Roman* Empires, I shall confine myself to the Consideration of what immediately points at the Desolation and absolute Destruction of this our own Country, *Great-Britain*, and consequently its Dominions and Colonies.

Every one admits, that the Strength of *Great-Britain* is dependant on its Trade or Commerce, being conducted in every Branch in such Method, as that a Ballance in Gold or Silver should ultimately centre here, as our own free and unincumbered Property, which has not only been the universally established Policy of this, but of every other State in *Europe*. To lay up this Ballance as a National



tional Resource in Times of Distress, is a Point of Prudence, which wise Governments ever adhere to, and so essentially requisite in this Country, whose Finances are so deeply mortgaged, that every Act of Parliament for Encouragement of our Trade has been founded on that unalterable Maxim on which the Being of a Free People most undoubtedly depends. Publick Credit ought never to be made Use of in a Trading State, but when a large Sum is to be raised in a shorter Time than the Taxes can be collected in for the Purpose of Defence ; which Money should never exceed the Annual Revenue of that Kingdom, whether it be in War or Peace ; but as obsolete Maxims will never go down in these Times, all the Use I purpose to make of the Hint will be to shew, that the Chimerical Riches framed among ourselves by the Circulation of Paper, prevent us from seeing or feeling the prodigious National Loss incurred for these last twenty Years, by the Ballance of our whole Commerce being transferred to, ever to centre and remain in (to the infinite Shame of the Authors) the *East-Indies*. To give a short and plain Definition of that Monopoly from its Beginning, I shall beg Leave to bor-

row the following Lines from the *London Magazine* of *January*, 1755, Pages 13, 14.

“ The *East-India* Company’s first Estab-  
 “ lishment was illegal, who, as soon as they  
 “ but supposed they had got a legal Estab-  
 “ lishment, became oppressive, and soon after  
 “ of dangerous Consequence to the Honour  
 “ of Parliament ; nay I may say of the  
 “ Crown itself. — This Company was first  
 “ established by a Charter from Queen *Eli-*  
 “ *zabeth*, and by that Charter had granted  
 “ them an exclusive Trade to the *East-In-*  
 “ *dies*, which was illegal. They had a new  
 “ Charter from *James* I. with the same ex-  
 “ clusive Privilege, consequently as illegal as  
 “ the former. From *Charles* II. they had  
 “ another new Charter, still with the same  
 “ exclusive Privilege, and still illegal. How-  
 “ ever they continued to enjoy this exclusive  
 “ Privilege, but exercised it with great Cau-  
 “ tion, because even they themselves doubted  
 “ the Legality of it. As monopolizing Char-  
 “ ters of all kinds have been often loudly  
 “ complained of in Parliament ; therefore  
 “ when the famous, or rather infamous *Jef-*  
 “ *series*, was raised to the Bench, they took  
 “ an Opportunity to have their exclusive Pri-  
 “ vilege



“ vilege declared legal by him; for they were  
 “ sure they had then a Judge who would  
 “ decide in Favour of every Thing that  
 “ tended to exalt the Power of the Crown.  
 “ What was the Consequence? They be-  
 “ gan presently to act in so oppressive a Man-  
 “ ner abroad, that great Complaints were  
 “ brought home against them, which they  
 “ had Influence enough to stifle, probably  
 “ by the same Methods they practised for  
 “ obtaining a new Charter and Act of Par-  
 “ liament soon after the Revolution; for  
 “ when their Affairs were brought under  
 “ Consideration of Parliament in 1695, it  
 “ appeared, that they had bribed several  
 “ Members of Parliament, and had attempt-  
 “ ed even to bribe the Crown itself by an  
 “ Offer of 50,000 *l.* and that for these cor-  
 “ rupt Purposes they had laid out a very large  
 “ Sum of Money, and were to have laid out  
 “ much larger, in case their intended Act  
 “ had passed, amounting in the whole to  
 “ between 3 and 400,000 *l.* To this Amount  
 “ an actual Discovery was made; and it is  
 “ probable that several other Sums were laid  
 “ out, or intended to be laid out by them;  
 “ of which no Discovery was made.—What  
 “ the

“ the many Favours they have since received  
 “ may have cost them, we shall not pretend  
 “ to guess ; but the Discovery then made  
 “ should make us cautious, lest, under Pre-  
 “ tence of securing or promoting the Trade  
 “ of that Company, we may be drawn in to  
 “ serve the Ends of corrupt Men.”

From such a Stem what Branches can be  
 produced ? From a Tree so corrupt what  
 Fruit ? The following may in some Measure  
 set forth their Actions ever since, and with-  
 out descending into the Characters of several  
 Managers (many of whom have been con-  
 victed of the most notorious Breaches of  
 Trust, and expelled thereupon by the Pro-  
 prietors of the Stock) without I say canvassing  
 the Actions of such Men, or whether the  
 present Dividend of *Nine per Cent.* on the  
 subscribed Sums can be supported by the  
 Profits of their Trade ; I shall only observe,  
 that whatever Profits they do make or divide  
 among their Proprietors, is entirely raised on  
 the People of *England*. And it is very possi-  
 ble that such Profits may be supported by  
 this Company, so long as they are impowered  
 to fleece us by an exclusive Right of selling  
 and enhancing Profits by following the most  
 pernicious



pernicious Measure that ever was before known; that of expending the Treasure of a whole Nation (15 or 16 Millions of Money) in order to provide for themselves only a cheaper Purchase than what the Export of our Manufactures might produce; yet the latter (in regard to the Nation) evidently calls for the Preference. Not a particular Part of this Trade, but the whole System is tremendously destructive to us. Is it not clearly seen by the Customhouse Books, that for many Years past they have exported near a Million in Money? All of which should have been kept here to keep down the Exchanges with Nations to whom we pay Balances; as *Russia*, *Sweden*, and *Denmark*; and also with others to whom yearly we pay Interest for their Properties in our Funds. To give from a late Transaction an Instance of the Necessity hereof, we will remark, that in the Years 1753, 1754, the Exchange between us and *Russia* run up from 46 to 53 Stivers *per* Ruble, which was 14 *per Cent.* Disadvantage to *England* in every Purchase we made in *Russia* of Hemp, Iron, &c. To lessen which Loss (since those Goods we must have at any Rate) we sent Silver purchased  
at

at Five *per Cent.* above the Coinage or Standard Price ; great Part of Foreigners, who while that fictitious Value remains fixed here, send it to us over above what is our own Balance, as long as we have any Credit or Effects to mortgage for it. However, notwithstanding the Silver cost us more by Five or Six *per Cent.* than the Rate prescribed by our Laws ; yet still the Nation did, by sending Money to pay the *Russians*, save near Six *per Cent.* in the Exchange of the whole Capital, altho' the Amount of the Silver paid was not of above one fourth Part of the Value of the Debts contracted with them for the several Goods above-mentioned. — This high Price of Silver is occasioned by the Scarcity caused by the *East-India* Company, who most wisely infer, that from the Appearance of our exporting Money for the above absolutely necessary Purposes, they have a Right also to send to *India* such immense Quantities, that if our Legislature will not interpose, it may soon be made the joint Cause of every Court in *Europe* to prevent, altho' we be the first to fall by it. — What Returns do they bring from thence ? Tea, to be sure, our Luxury demands ; and the



the Revenue says shall be brought by them, cost what it will ; but how are we benefited by the large Quantities of Cotton and Silk Manufactures bought with ready Money, and brought hither to distress, to obstruct and starve our most ingenious, worthy, and yet poor Manufacturers at Home ; for D O not the *East-India* Goods sent abroad prevent the Sale of so much *British*, besides what is consumed among ourselves ? — One Million of Money lost yearly to purchase useless Manufactures, destroying the Sales of as much more of our own, is such a Loss as no People ever before permitted ; and which nothing but the easy Method of creating Riches by coining Paper and Book Debts, could have prevented the present Administration from finding the most terrible Effects from.

One would think this Matter requires the serious and immediate Attention of every Man of Property in the whole Kingdom, especially at this Time, when

we are threatened by a Power who has for many Campaigns supported itself alone against the united Force of three great Nations ; and whom all our Strength must be exerted to bring to Reason. — But as every Declaimer (however well he intends) ought always to acquiesce in the Decision of the Publick ; so the Author of this Address, having no View but to serve them (and the very Nature of the Argument seems to confirm that Assertion) does accordingly submit it to the Justice and Impartiality, as well as Patriotic Care of the most respectable Body in the whole World, the worthy Freeholders of *Great-Britain*.

In order to evince the absolute Necessity of your powerful Influence towards the immediate Enquiry into, and, upon due Proof of the Facts so constantly urged against them for these twelve Months past, in all the public Papers, to suppress and annihilate this destructive Manner of Commerce ; the following short Account



count of the *East-India* Company's Conduct is laid before you ; and every Trader, every candid Man in *Great-Britain* is appealed to for the Truth thereof ; nor ought any Member of the Community to be safe from your rigorous Resentment, who dares attempt to deceive you in Points so important.

*Imprimis.* The Company have acted for many Years under an Exclusive Charter, and have not improved the Navigation by one Ship.

*2dly.* The Company, instead of employing the Industry incumbent on them for the many Favours bestowed on them, to promote the Sales and Consumption of *British* Products and Manufactures, have constantly opposed that salutary Measure, which was ordered by Parliament, *viz.* to export the Value of Ten *per Cent.* at least in those Products or Manufactures, on the Sale of which the Welfare of these Kingdoms so much depends.

They have exported to buy Goods and Manufactures, within that Time, above Sixteen Millions of Pounds Sterling, and almost every Piece of the said Silk and Cotton Manufactures, so bought with the Nation's Treasure, has been so far from being repaid by Foreigners, that they take little or nothing from us, but such as have Drawbacks of *Thirty per Cent.* and upwards, whereby our own Manufactures are greatly injured, both at Home and Abroad; besides, many of those *East-India* Goods are purchased here, the Draw backs received upon them, and afterwards smuggled into *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, to the great Loss and Damage of the Revenue.

That were it not for the Luxury of Tea (now so requisite) with some other Articles of very small Account, their whole Importation into *Europe* is unnecessary, and apparently does prevent the Use of so much of our own Manufactures in every Part of *Europe* and the *West-Indies*.

That



That the Government could be supplied with Salt-petre at one half of the Price the Company furnish them therewith at present.

. That the Truth of the Premises may be made manifest from the most authentic Records, the Officers of the Revenue and State of the Coin throughout the Kingdom.

That from this yearly and prodigious Loss of Money to the Kingdom, all Traders must content themselves to circulate Paper, on which there can be no Value fixed ; your Rents will fall, and the Produce of your Lands find no Purchasers but Paper Dealers ; the Revenue itself must be distressed, and another Stop to Public Credit be brought on in case of a War, provided some Remedy is not soon thought upon.

That the present new Increase of the Navy Debt, to the Amount of 1,400,000 *l.* has been chiefly owing to the Support of this Company within these six Years, to  
pay

pay off only the Moiety of which large Addition, all the Savings so much boasted of, are evaporated in a Moment, and our old Debts remain as heavy as before, not decreased in the least, but increased by this Company. That they cannot be considered in a National Light as Merchants or Traders, because their Employment has been, and still is, to send our Riches abroad to buy Goods, which People consume, (tho' a most ruinous Luxury) instead of our own Manufactures ; and by a double, treble and quadruple Tax upon ourselves only, support their *Dutch* and other Proprietors in the exorbitant constant Income of Nine *per Cent. per Annum.*

*F I N I S.*



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Don *Ricardo* **Honeywater**  
VINDICATED.

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*Don* RICARDO HONEYWATER  
VINDICATED.

In a LETTER to

Doctor SALGUOD,

Physician in Ordinary to His Royal  
Highness the Prince of ASTURIA'S  
Houshold, and *Man-midwife* : The re-  
puted Author of a Scurrilous Pamphlet,  
ENTITLED,

*The Cornutor of Seventy-five.*

WHEREIN

The *Malice*, *Ignorance* and *Self-sufficiency*  
of that AUTHOR are fully Display'd, in several  
Diverting Particulars of his *Life* and *Character*.  
Written Originally in *Spanish*, and Published  
at *Madrid* by the Celebrated Author of *Gil  
Blas*. Faithfully Translated from an Original  
Copy in the Cotton LIBRARY.

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By A. M. a Graduate in Physic.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for E. PEN, near St. Paul's. 1748.





T H E

## Translator's Advertisement

T O T H E

## ENGLISH READER.

**W**HEN the first Edition of the *Cor-  
nutor* appeared in *England*, I was  
 strongly tempted to believe the Whole a  
 Fiction, and the genuine Product of some  
*English* Satyrift, who, under the borrowed  
 Name of *Don Cervantes*, and the Fable of  
 a Translation from the *Spanish*, had a Design  
 to bespatter the Reputation of some of our  
 First-rate Physicians: But upon the Ap-  
 pearance of the Second Edition, with all the  
 Pomp of Notes and Commentary, and a  
 Letter from my Acquaintance Senior *Ste-  
phano*, Professor of Universal History in the  
 University of *Toledo*; I was obliged to re-  
 tract my former Opinion, and acquit the  
 B *English*

*English* Translator of a Forgery. And as I am naturally a Lover of the *Spanish* Language, and of the Manner of Writing, peculiar to Authors of that Nation, I was curious to read this Piece in the Original, believing it impossible for the *English* Idiom to come up to the Sublimity of Stile and Sentiment, so peculiar to Don *Cervantes*. I therefore made diligent Enquiry after the Translator, in hopes he would indulge me with the Loan of his *Toledo* Copy ; but for Reasons best known to himself, he would not part with it out of his Hands, and I had an Opportunity only of a cursory View thereof at his Apartment, which served but to heighten my Curiosity.

I also enquired for it of all the Booksellers who deal in foreign Books, and of several *Spanish* Merchants, and others, but to no Purpose ; at last, turning over some old Manuscripts in the *Cotton Library*, I met with a Copy of my *Cornutor*, an exact Duplicate of that the Translator had shewn me. I was now as overjoy'd as if I had found the Philosopher's Stone, and sat down to peruse it ; but was surpris'd beyond Measure to find bound up with it an Answer, intitled, *Don Ricardo Honeywater vindicated ; in a Letter, &c.* After I had read them both with great Attention, I was more puzzled than before ; for I had taken the *Cornutor of Seventy-five* to have been really the Production of Don *Cervantes*, as the Title Page of  
both



both the *Spanish* Copies I had seen signified ; and yet the Answer bound up with it ascribes it to an obscure Physician, one *Salguod*, whom I had never heard of before. I communicated my Discovery to the Translator, and he own'd, that with all the Copies he had seen, the same Vindication was bound up ; but as he could not reconcile the Difficulty about the Authors, and as *Don Cervantes* had own'd this by a Writing under his Hand attested by the Seal of the University of *Toledo*, he thought he was justified in suppressing the Vindication, at least till he came at the true Secret of it. I could not help approving of his Conduct, and set myself upon searching the *Spanish* Commentators for a Solution to the seeming Absurdity, reflecting on the Character of two celebrated Authors ; for if *Don Cervantes* was not the Author of the *Cornutor*, why did he acknowledge it for his own ? On the other Hand, if it was his, was it not ungenerous and malicious in the Author of *Gill Blas* to charge it upon another, and rob *Cervantes* of the Merit ? At last, after a very troublesome Search, through many a heavy Ream of critical Lumber, I met with the Satisfaction I wanted : For in the Library of the celebrated Doctor *M\*\*\**, I found the Works of Senior *Grimaldi*, consisting of ten large Folio Volumes, printed at *Venice* in the Year 1670. By the Help of an Index, I came at the Names of the Authors he men-

tions ; and, among the Rest, I found that of Don *Cervantes*. Senior *Grimaldi* gives us a very good Account of the Writings of that Author, with the several Circumstances which gave Rise to each of his Tracts ; and, among the rest, in mentioning the *Cor-nutor of Seventy-five*, he gives us the following History of that famous Piece: It is to be found in Page 597 of the seventh Volume. \* At the Time (says *Grimaldi*) this Tract was published : ‘ There were many  
‘ Divisions, Parties and Disputes amongst  
‘ the Members of the College of Physicians  
‘ at *Maárid*. The Profession was numerous,  
‘ and Numbers of Quacks and Pretenders  
‘ had insinuated themselves into Practice ;  
‘ and

\* The Reader is to observe, that there are two Authors of the Name of *Grimaldi*, one who wrote several Volumes on Natural History and Fossils ; the other, who is the Author I mean, was a Native of *Seville*, and printed several Pieces of Criticism, very much esteemed by the learned World : His Works came out originally in separate Tracts, and were occasionally published ; but Signior *Grimaldi* leaving *Spain* on some Disgust, settled at *Venice*, and spent the latter Part of his Days in revising his former Writings, and had them all printed together in ten Folio Volumes, which I believe are no where to be met with in *England*, but in that famous Library where I found them. I thought myself obliged to say thus much, least one *Grimaldi* should be taken for another, and my Reader disappointed in his Search after my Quotation.



‘ and by their Ignorance had brought the  
 ‘ whole Profession into great Disrepute. The  
 ‘ Press was loaded with Disputes relating to  
 ‘ the Theory and Practice of Physic; and  
 ‘ their Disputes carried on with so little good  
 ‘ Manners, and Decency, that all Men of  
 ‘ Letters were ashamed of their Manner of  
 ‘ Proceeding. If any great Man died, whe-  
 ‘ whether of a natural Disease, or by the  
 ‘ Mismanagement of the Doctor, his Case  
 ‘ was immediately made public, and the  
 ‘ Argument handled with all the Scurrility  
 ‘ and approbious Language that could be  
 ‘ invented. New Methods of Practice were  
 ‘ daily introduced by the conceited young  
 ‘ Physicians, and old Nostrums contended  
 ‘ for with ridiculous Obstinacy by the tena-  
 ‘ cious Veterans. Every particular Member en-  
 ‘ deavoured to set up for a Dictator, and loaded  
 ‘ the Character of his Oponents with all  
 ‘ the Obloquy he could pick up or invent:  
 ‘ In a Word, every Branch of the medical  
 ‘ Art exposed each other, and every individual  
 ‘ Member of each Class was treated either  
 ‘ as a Knave or Fool, by some or other of  
 ‘ the differing Tribes, till even the Vulgar  
 ‘ began to fancy the whole Profession a  
 ‘ mere Trick, masked under the Cover of  
 ‘ learned Obscurity, and held their Persons  
 ‘ in the utmost Contempt. Amongst those  
 ‘ who made the greatest Bustle in the Paper  
 ‘ World, was one *Salguod*, an obscure Quack,  
 ‘ who wanted to be known in any Shape,  
 ‘ and

‘ and for that Purpose published Invectives  
 ‘ (in the most scurrilous illiterate Stile,) a-  
 ‘ gainst all Ranks of Persons. In this State  
 ‘ *Don Cervantes* found the Profession of  
 ‘ Physic, whereupon he resolved to ridicule  
 ‘ the Gentlemen of the Faculty out of their  
 ‘ several Foibles, and in particular that Spi-  
 ‘ rit of Defamation and personal Scandal  
 ‘ which prevailed in all their Writings and  
 ‘ Debates: For this Purpose he wrote the  
 ‘ rough Draught of a general Satire upon  
 ‘ the whole Fraternity, which he entitled  
 ‘ *HIPOCRATES on his last Legs, or Physic*  
 ‘ *on Crutches.* He shew’d the Manuscript  
 ‘ to some of his Acquaintance, and gave  
 ‘ Copies to two or three of his Intimates,  
 ‘ which were soon multiplied, and handed  
 ‘ about in private. At last one of these  
 ‘ Copies, by great Misfortune, fell into the  
 ‘ Hands of Dr. *Salguod*, who employed a  
 ‘ young Student of the University to new  
 ‘ model it into a personal Satire upon Don  
 ‘ *Ricardo Honeywater*, a Gentleman then  
 ‘ deservedly at the Head of the Physical  
 ‘ World, and esteemed as a Man of pro-  
 ‘ found Learning, Sagacity and Probity, a-  
 ‘ gainst whom this little Upstart had con-  
 ‘ ceived a personal Spleen, on Account of  
 ‘ his superior Excellence, which he had no  
 ‘ Hope of rivaling, but by endeavouring to  
 ‘ debase it, by lessening his Character and  
 ‘ Reputation. The Transpositions were  
 ‘ pretty naturally made by the Person he  
 ‘ employ-



employed, for he had not Brains of his  
 own sufficient to write a pocky Bill.  
 However he had the Impudence to claim  
 the Performance as his own, in secret, a-  
 mongst his particular Acquaintance, and to  
 publish it under the Title of the *Cornutor of*  
*Seventy five, &c.*

'It no sooner appeared in Print, tho' thus  
 metamorphos'd, but the Friends of Don  
*Cervantes*, who had seen it in Manuscript,  
 under the Title of HIPOCRATES *on his*  
*last Legs*, immediately supposed the Al-  
 teration to be his. He denied it, but to  
 no Purpose; for still there was so much  
 of his Manner and Spirit remain'd, that  
 the Public swallowed it for his, in spite of  
 his disowning it, and *Salguod* plumed him-  
 self amongst his Associates upon his Pro-  
 ductions being ascribed to so great a Man  
 as Don *Cervantes*. The Don seeing the  
 more he denied this Piece, the more his  
 Friends were resolved to father it on him,  
 thought it was not worth his while to dis-  
 pute the Matter: But his Friend *Gil Blas*,  
 who knew the Secret, and had fish'd out  
 the Pirate *Salguod*, was resolved to treat  
 him as he deserved, and since he had not  
 the Sense to see that the original Satire fit-  
 ted him better than any Body else, resolv-  
 ed to take Revenge on him for the Insult  
 offered the ingenious Don *Ricardo* in *Sal-*  
*guod's* own Stile, and to rout him at his  
 own Weapons; and allowing him the  
 Honour

• Honour of being the Author of the *Cornu-*  
 • *nutor*, (tho' he only employed one to botch  
 • it) wrote the following Answer, which  
 • was very well received by the Public, and  
 • was generally bound up with the *Cornutor*,  
 • which all the World allowed to be the  
 • Production of Don *Cervantes* in the Main,  
 • as he had furnished the Materials and the  
 • Spirit which makes it valuable.'

By this the Reader is enabled to explain  
 the Riddle of the *Cornutor* being ascribed  
 to Dr. *Salguod* in the Vindication, the Pub-  
 lication of which at this Time I thought  
 might not be disagreeable to the World, as  
 there are Dr. *Salguod*'s in our Age as well  
 as in Times past; and as all the Works of  
 the ingenious Author of *Gil Blas* have been  
 received with great Applause in *England*:  
 But especially as we are let into the History  
 of the Controversy, which gave Rise to those  
 two Pieces, and are from thence enabled to  
 form a just Notion of the amiable Charac-  
 ter of that celebrated worthy Don *Ricardo*  
*Honeywater*, who, tho' dead near a hundred  
 Years ago, lives still in the Memory of all  
 Lovers of Learning and Physic in *Europe*:  
 For it may be said of him as an Acquain-  
 tance of mine said of Mr. *Pope*, on hearing  
 of his Death.

Pope dead --- Hush, hush Report, 'tis all a  
 Lie,  
 Fame says he lives --- Immortals never die.



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A  
L E T T E R

T O

Dr. *SALGUOD*, &c.

*Learned Sir,*

**H**OWEVER much you may be in Love with your precious self, and however high an Opinion you may have conceived of your profound Abilities in every Branch of the Medical Art, yet I'm much afraid, nay, almost convinced, there is no one Person on Earth with whom you are so little acquainted as with the valuable Dr. *Salguod*. Tho' you and he have eat and drank together for these forty Years at least, and admired that sapient Phiz of yours for an Hour or two every Day, and mused for Nights together on the superlative Extent of your Genius, there is

C

still

still something wanting to make you thoroughly acquainted with your intrinsic Worth and Significance : The Glass may flatter, your Imagination naturally warm, may deceive you, and represent your extraordinary Person and Character in a Light not absolutely just, and quite different from that in which they really appear in to the rest of Mankind, who know any Thing of you. Your great Hurry of Business, either in doing nothing at the Prince's Palace at the *Escorial*, or visiting your sick Patients, or delivering the labouring Fair, may possibly take up so much of your Time as to hinder you from the necessary Duties of Self-examination, and rob you of the ravishing Pleasure of beholding your identical self in that just and genuine Light that Nature plac'd you in : Especially, as you are so much busied in prying into the secret Characters of your Neighbours, and delighted with exposing their natural Failings and Foibles to the Public ; therefore, give me Leave, without Offence to your remarkable Modesty, to present you and the Publick with a Picture of yourself. I am fully persuaded you must be in Raptures with the Piece, since in it you will find yourself represented in the most agreeable Light, and making a Figure which you never once fancied yourself capable of. Every Line, every Feature is so strong, you can not mistake it ; I have taken Care to display every latent

Talent,



Talent, and drag into full View every Virtue which adorn you, either as a Gentleman, a Man of Letters, a Physician, a Midwife, Author, and Poet, and made them so peculiarly your own, that no Man on Earth can lay the smallest Claim to them besides yourself. If here and there a small Vice, a little Frailty, or so, strikes the Eye, you must pardon it, as necessary to constitute Light and Shade, the essential Properties of Painting ; for if all was one continued Glare of blazing Merit, the Eye would be quite dazzled, and the Figure appear unnatural and confused. But before I proceed to draw the Curtain, let me expostulate with you as a Friend on your late Attack on the good old Don *Ricardo Honeywater*, in that inimitable adopted Child of yours surnamed, *The Cornutor*. I am not about to dispute your fatherly Title to that satyrical Brat, or enquire if it was legitimately begot in your own Brain : or if you took it up as a Fatherless Orphan, or club'd about the getting of it, no, I shall suppose which you will, tho' I shrewdly suspect it owes its original Matter to some other Artist, and that you have only cloathed its Nakedness with some borrowed Rags ; like *Prometheus*, you formed the Clay, but stole the Fire from some other Heaven to animate your Lump. The Figure it now makes, since you furnished it up, puts me in mind of the Monkey I have somewhere seen mimicking the

Nurse, and dressing a Child, sticking Pins into every Joint of it, till the poor Thing squaled its Heart out. But whether you are Father, or God-father, Nurse or Dresser, you are answerable for the personal Calumny with which you have interlarded it against my learned Friend.

General Satire we know to be useful to Mankind, and those who are possessed of Talents for that Manner of writing, are esteemed by learned Men, and respected as useful and edifying Members of Society; but personal Scandal, under borrowed and fictitious Characters, is despised, and the Authors abhorred by all Mankind. However, if you must bespatter the Reputation of others, in order to enlighten your own natural Obscurity, could you not have pitch'd upon some Name less revered, less esteemed by good Men, and more obnoxious to Censure, than the worthy *Don Ricardo*, whose Character is so refulgent, that all the Dust you throw serves only to make it appear more conspicuous, by attracting the Eye with stricter Attention, as smoaking a Glass enables us to look at the Sun? All the little Scandal you have vented, only displays the Impotence of your Malice, and recoils with double Force upon your own Head. If all you have said of him had been literally true, it could only serve to convince us, that Perfection is not to be found in the human Nature, a Truth we knew long before you were born; but  
when



when every Line is stuffed with gross Falshood, and manifest Fiction, you and your Assistants have miserably misapplied your Time, and spent your small Stock of Wit only to make yourselves appear ridiculously malicious.

You set out with a Sneer upon the Don's Birth, which is an evident Demonstration of your Ignorance of the Nature of Satire, since to a Mind elevated above the Prejudices of the Vulgar, nothing can set him in a more agreeable or meritorious Point of Light, than to suppose him the greatest Man of the Family, and the Author of his own Advancement, which in Truth the Don owes only to his own intrinsic Excellence, and not to the accidental Favour of a fortuitous Generation. So that in Fact, where you intended a mortifying Reflection, and a virulent Satire, you have stumbled on an excellent Panegyric, for which, in the Don's Name, I take the Liberty to thank you.

You admit he had a liberal Education, but must have a Fling at the Gravity of his Aspect, and Slowness of his Expression and Apprehension, which you would pass upon your Readers for Dulness. Gravity, Sir, I know is no Attribute of yours, tho' Dulness may be, I might have said is; which is one Instance that a mercurial Disposition is not always the Prognostic of a brilliant Genius; and, perhaps, the Don may, with your Leave, supply another Instance, that  
solid

solid Judgment and Gravity, are by no Means inconsistent ; the last of which never is mistaken for Dulness, but by such as have neither Wit nor Judgment themselves. But you happen to be so far mistaken in the Don's juvenile Character, that there was not a Youth at the University of a gayer Disposition, a more pregnant Genius, or ready Wit. This I had not only from the Don's Friends, but from his Cotemporaries at the University, and his Gravity was far from being the only Motive which determined his Relations to advise him to the Study of Physic, that they were averse to it, imagining it impossible for a Spirit so volatile as his then appeared, to acquire that Sedateness so necessary to the Practice of that noble Science ; and were only induced to it by the Professor, and his Tutor, who declared that besides a ready Wit, he had a penetrating solid Judgment, and an inquisitive Turn for, even the most abstracted Parts of Natural Philosophy, as a Branch of which, he first read Physic, and afterwards chose it for his Profession, as suiting his Love of Natural Knowledge, of which it is the most useful Branch, and of the greatest Importance to Mankind.

As to the Study of the Physical Fathers, as you call them, he read none of them, but as directed by the Professor ; who himself was far from being ignorant of their Utility, as you would insinuate ; and never  
made



made any other Use of them, than to establish a rational Theory, as the Ground-work of his future Practice and Enquiry: In his Time the Writings of the Ancients were held in greater Esteem than now, therefore no Wonder if, at the University especially, he supported his Arguments with their Authority ; but the puerile Story of the *Arabian City*, shews you wanted to fix upon him the Characteristic of Obstinacy, since he would rather forge a Case, than give up a weak Argument. But had it been true, it no more proved his Obstinacy or Ignorance of the Ancients, than your crude Conceptions in the Nursery of Religion and Notions of a Deity, can affect your religious Character at this Day. But it is strange a Story so public, as to become a Proverb, should be totally forgot by those who studied Physic at the same Time, and in the same College. Obstinacy, Sir, and Self-conceit, are so far from being Parts of the Don's Character, as you would insinuate thro' the whole of your *Cornutor*, that the very Reverse is true ; for all Physicians who ever had the Honour of consulting with him, agree that he delivered his Opinion modestly, heard theirs patiently, and yielded as often as it was possible, without Danger to the Patient ; and when young Practitioners have been employed with him, he encouraged them to differ with him, and either in a friendly Manner convinced them of their Errors, or

fell

fell in with their Notions if in any Measure rational, and has been the Patron, and Author of the Rise of more young Men in his Time, than any other Physician of the Age : For as his own Practice was always large, he never grudged sharing it with a deserving young Beginner. 'Tis true, he oppos'd the many Innovations introduced by Fops and Pretenders ; who no sooner came from the University, than they piqu'd themselves on some particular Method of Practice, founded on their raw Notions of a false and precarious Theory, without Experience ; but these he opposed not from any innate Obstinacy, or Attachment to the Modes of the Ancients, but from a Principle of Integrity and Conscience : For he, as all other wise Men acknowledge, knew that frequently a seemingly rational Theory, proves false when reduced into Practice, as there are likewise many Things in the Practice of Physic, which appear irrational, or at least cannot be accounted for, but by their Success, after a long Series of Experience. Now is it not reasonable to stick to that Method which is attended with Success, tho' we cannot assign the physical Causes of its Operation, rather than risk the Life of a Patient in trying new Experiments, tho' supported by a plausible Theory. Innovations in Physic ought to take Place by very slow Degrees, and a Physician can never be chargeable with Obstinacy or Conceit,



Conceit, who tenaciously follows that Method which he has in most Cases found successful: On the contrary, Conceit and Obstinacy are to be ascrib'd to, and the Ridicule pointed at those only, who from bare Conjectures of their own, and a Theory assumed meerly from Books, would pretend to destroy the establish'd Rules of Practice, and tamper with the Lives of their Fellow-Creatures, for the sake of supporting a Singularity in Practice and Character. These are a kind of People the Don was a declar'd Enemy to, and never used his Interest or Authority more than to disappoint the Malice of such Quacks and Empirics.

As to your Sneers at the Don's Religion, they are beneath any Man's Notice, since most of the Circumstances are false. It's well known that the Don conform'd to the establish'd Religion of his Country after he was married, and at a Time when he had no rational Prospect of Advancement in the Air of a Court; consequently a Man of common Charity would have ascrib'd that Change to conscientious Motives, and not those you poorly hint at.—And of the same Stamp is his Introduction to the King's Physician, since it is notorious that the Gentleman to whose Countenance the Don was most indebted for his Introduction into Business, was not the King's Physician till some Years after the Don was able to stand upon his own Legs, and had

D

long

long been Physician to an Hospital, to which Trust he was rais'd purely by his Merit.

Your Reflections upon his Writings shows both your Malice and Ignorance, since you have falsified the Chronology of all of them, put those first which should be last and, *vice versa*, play'd off most of your pointless Wit at such of his Works as are most esteem'd by all the learn'd World, who are no more to be laugh'd out of their Opinion of their Use and Excellence, by all the low Buffoonry you or your Associates are Masters of, than it is possible for you to raise the Don's Spleen, by the little Piece of Galantry you have father'd upon him at the Conclusion; which whether true or false, is told with a very bad Grace, and drawn, *mal-a-propos*, in a Work treating chiefly of Matters relating to Literature. This Part is truly your own, as is your Degression about Doctor *Chimney*, \* whom you would endeavour to represent in a ridiculous mean Light, but his Character, like that of his worthy Patron, can receive no Damage from your Slander. You make him the Son of a Cobbler for the Sake of the poor Clinch upon the Word Translator, a Term which sticks in your Gizzard for Reasons known to yourself, and some others, tho' it's notorious that he is the Son of a wealthy and reputable Glover in *Cork*, who was enabled to bring up his eldest Son to the Service of the Alter, his Second to his own Business, and this

\* See the Second Edition of the CORNUTOR.



this, his youngest Son, a Physician. He studied for some time, it's true, at *Paris*, but not on the Merit of a *Refugée*, as you would hint, nor at the *English* College, where, if you had known any Thing of the Matter, you had known that none but *Englishmen* are admitted. He took his Degrees as other Physicians do, at a foreign University, and came over to *England*, not with an Itinerant Quack, as you say, but with a Physician of Merit, and Reputation, who took a Likeing to him at *Paris*, brought him over with him, and was so charm'd with his Merit and Conversation, that he prevail'd on him to stay some Months at his House in the West of *England*, and used him very generously when he parted with him to try his Fortune at *London*. You would willingly make us believe that Doctor *Chimney* was Pimp to this foolish Amour you have charg'd the Don with, when it's notoriously known that the Don's Acquaintance with that Lady commenced a dozen Years before the Doctor came into his Service: Neither is she or her Brother, whom you cunningly and invidiously represent as her Husband, of the same Nation with the Doctor, but born in *Spain*, in the City of *Madrid*, not a Thousand Paces from where they now live in great Reputation, visited by People of the best Fashion in the City, who would not shew them such Respect were she the reputed Mistress of Don *Ricardo*. As to the rest of your Story about him,

it's of kin to what I have already hinted at, and so I leave you to reflect with Confusion on your Guilt of being the Author, at least the Means of propogating such a heap of Falshood, to the Prejudice of the Character of Two Gentlemen so eminently deserving of the Publick, and so justly esteem'd by all Men of Taste and polite Literature, and hasten to entertain you with a Picture of your dear self in much such a Dress as that in which you have presented your *Cornutor*. I shall endeavour if possible to keep up to the Manner and Stile, and preserve, as much as may be, a Sameness between this Child of mine and your adopted Brat: Tho there must still be this material Difference, that every Article of mine is literally true, while yours is all Fable and ill apply'd Fiction. I know I do you too much Honour, in mentioning your obscure Name with that of the famous Don *Ricardo*, but if you are remember'd in future Ages with that renown'd Worthy, it must be like the Wretch who burnt the Temple of *Ephesus*; but I shall detain you no longer from the Sight, *Lege et delectare*.



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A GENUINE  
 NARRATIVE  
 OF THE  
 Life, Adventures *and* Writings  
 Of the FAMOUS  
 Doctor SALGUOD, Phy-  
 sician, &c.

AT what Period of Time, or under what Princes Reign, the celebrated Doctor *Salguod*, the Subject of the following Pages, first drew Breath, is not very material to my Readers; and for much such Reasons, as induced the Author of the *Cornutor* to conceal the Chronology of Don *Ricardo*'s Birth, my Readers must pardon me, if I also veil that important Article: let it suffice, that this  
 Physical

Physical Comet, made its first Appearance in the *Spanish* Hemisphere, much about the Time, in which *Don Ricardo Honeywater* was elected Physician to an Hospital for the Cure of the Venereal Disease.

I think I may say his Descent was neither mean nor illustrious, but in an exact Medium betwixt both ; for his Ancestors on one side were above all Occupation, and on the other below it. He was born in the Province of *Catalonia*, amongst a People remarkable for their Loyalty to the House of *Austria*. His Mother, for I must (on a certain Account, which the Reader will discover by and by) begin with the female Side of his Genealogy, was Daughter to one of the *Aborigines* of that Province, who, like *Cincinnatus*, and other antient Worthies, was more delighted with the healthfull Exercise of the Plough than with the Luxury and Grandeur of a Court, to which no doubt his great Genius, and the Antiquity of his Family entitled him. He employ'd himself like the Antient Patriarch, in managing his Flocks and Herds, and tilling the Ground. Its true, by the Malice of Fortune, and the Greatness of his Spirit, which was above the vile Employment of raking Wealth together, he had not more than a Sheep or two, one Cow, a Mule, and an Ass, nor any Possessions he could properly call his own ; for he was so charm'd with the Simplicity of a Rural Life, and the

manly



manly Occupation of a Husband-man, that, rather than be idle, he vouchsafed to till the Grounds of a Gentleman on whose Domain he liv'd, and to tend his numerous Flocks, which he did in Immitation of that Father of the *Jews*, who serv'd *Laban* for Fourteen Years, a notable Example of the great Condesension of his Spirit, especially, as he was a *Spaniard* and a *Catalonian* too. The good Man brought up his Children in the same Simplicity of Manners, and taught them this uncommon Doctrine in his Country, that there could be nothing so dishonourable as a Life spent in Idleness: Therefore he kept them all employ'd as soon as they could crawl. Among other Children, he was so happy as to be possess'd of the Beautiful *Cyndaraxa*, who was his Darling. He kept her at Home, as long as he thought convenient, but when she was grown up to the Age of Sixteen or Seventeen, and her Charms became the Talk of the whole Province, he prudently considered, that it was necessary to improve her Mind to make it correspond with the Perfections of her Person; and resolving that she should be an expert Housewife, and skill'd in all the Misteries of Soups, Ragous and Olio's, he plac'd her under the Care and Direction of his Patron's first Cook; and as it is a Custom in that Part of the World, as well as in *England*, that every Woman, should be distinguish'd by some Title,

such

such as that of Spinster, &c. he chose for his Daughter the significant Addition of Skullion: a Term, however mean it may sound in modern Ears, yet in that Age of Simplicity, it imply'd Care and Cleanliness, two very necessary Qualifications of a Lady of any Rank.

In this high Sphere, *Donna Cyndaraxa* the Skullion, shone with eminent Lustre, and became the Subject of the Admiration of all her Fellow-domestics. At last her Beauty and rare Accomplishments attracted the Eyes of the Don her Master who piqued himself upon being possess'd of so inestimable a Jewel, and eat his Olio's with the higher Relish, as he knew that the Plates and Dishes were wash'd by the Delicate Hands of his Charming *Skullion*.

The Grandees of that Country are remarkable for Pride, and we are not to wonder if it was some Months before he would condescend to converse with one who was not of so high Degree as himself; but Curiosity, and something else, got the better of his Pride at last, and he commanded his *Major Domo* to order *Cyndaraxa* into his Presence; she came blushing as the Morning Sun, and made her Obedience to the Don with such a bewitching Grace, that he was quite in Raptures. It was necessary in order to keep up the solemn Gravity of his Aspect, to conceal his Emotion from the *Major Domo*,  
who



who had usher'd in the Fair One. Therefore he thought of a Message to send him on, then shut the Door of the Apartment, and sat him down on a Couch by which the lovely Skullion stood. Love soon inspired him with the properest Address, and Words to declare his Passion, in all the soft Terms of moving Eloquence. *Cupid* was propitious to him, and pour'd a Philter into her Ear, which banish'd Maiden Fears, and all the Qualms of love-starving Honour. She faintly deny'd the Youth, (for the Don was then a young Batchelor) he press'd harder, till with a willing Coyness she trembling fell upon the Couch, over which I shall draw the Curtain, and close the Scene.

The Don was so prodigiously pleased with the unreserv'd Submission of his beautiful Domestic to his Pleasures, that he grew daily more and more enamour'd of her (such was his peculiar Taste) instead of being cloy'd by her Frankness: and, in the Flow of Spirits, that this Affair gave him, he composed the following Sonnet on his Mistress, which has been universally admir'd for the free and jovial Spirit that breaths in it; and was long ago translated into *English* by one of our first-rate Poets, who however had the Assurance to give it the World as his own Original.

I

*Cindaraxa*, kind and good,

Has all my Heart, and Stomach too :

E

She

She makes me love, not hate, my Food,  
As other peevish Wenches do.

## II

And as she's fair, she can impart  
That Beauty to make all Things fine,  
Brightens the Floor with wond'rous Art,  
And at her Touch the Dishes shine.

## III

When *Venus* leaves her *Vulcan's* Cell,  
Which all but I a Coal-hole call,  
Fly! fly! ye that above Stairs dwell,  
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.

However in about nine or ten Months after the Don's Intimacy with the fair Skullion commenc'd, she was seiz'd with a strange kind of Cholick, which an old Woman that was sent for, eased her of, by delivering her of a chopping Boy, which proves to be the celebrated Doctor *Salguod*. At the Time of his Birth, there were some Disputes about the Identity of the Father, for it seems the Knight's Postilion was frequently sent of Messages to the fair Skullion, and was supposed to have had a Finger in the Pye as well as the Don. The Matter was never thoroughly settl'd, but as the Postilion's Name was *Salguod* as well as that of his Master, the Boy was call'd *Salguod* and maintain'd



maintain'd in the Family without much Dispute about who was his Father ; but what inclines me to believe that the Postilion at least club'd for the getting him, is that he afterwards married *Cyndaraxa*, and lived in a small Cottage not far from the Don's House. The Boy grew up in the Kitchen, and was employ'd till ten or twelve Years of Age, in the important Offices of the Skultery, and now and then condescended to turn the Spit, for Jacks were not very common in *Catalonia* in those Days.

The Don his Father, or Master, which the Reader pleases, it seems married, about a Year after our Doctor was born, a Daughter of one of the *Grandeos* of *Spain*, by whom he had several Children. When the eldest Son of this Marriage was about seven or eight Years old, he took a liking to his Brother of the Skultery, and prevailed on his Mamma to rig him out decently to be as it were both Companion and Servant to him. In this Manner young *Salguod* the first was taken from the meaner Employments of the Kitchen, and came under the Direction of the young Gentleman's Tutor, and was permitted to acquire from his Masters as much Learning as he had a Genius for : he attained to write, read and cast Accompts, and in four or five Years learn'd so much of the *Latin* Tongue, as to be able to construe his Accidence ; but at the End of that

Period he chanced to be guilty of some little Inadvertancy in his Discourse to his young Master, who ordered his Footman to give him the Strapado: The young Doctor that was to be, resented this high Indignity, as became a Youth of Spirit, and had the Courage to tell the young Don he was as nobly born as himself, and that it did not become him to treat his elder Brother in that scurvy Manner. Hereupon the *Spanish* Blood was up, and a Complaint of his Insolence carried to his Mother, who prevailed on her Husband to turn the unfortunate Offender out of Doors, and ordered him to his reputed Father the Postilion. This Change only rais'd the Resentment of the Sufferer to a higher Pitch. He scorn'd to live in a mean Cottage, who had been so long accusom'd to a Palace. He might have retir'd, it's true, to his Grandfather's little Seat, but this, tho' a Structure of great Antiquity, was too much out of Repair to afford an Apartment for so accomplish'd a Squire; therefore he resolv'd to banish himself from all his great Relations, and go in quest of Adventures, not doubting, but his intrinsic Merit, which he found daily swelling to an immence Bulk within him, would at last enable him to be reveng'd of his haughty Brother, as he still would call him, in spite of the Postilion, who was proud of owning so hopeful a Youth.

This



This Resolution was soon executed, his Equipage being quickly got ready; for, *like other great Philosophers*, he could say *omnia mecum porto*: and so set out on foot for the next Town. On the Road, he chanc'd to overtake an eminent Physician going to visit one of his Patients. This renowned Sage was of that Class of Men who don't think great Abilities should beget Pride or Ostentation. He was above adding to the Eclat of his establish'd Fame, by the needless Pomp of a fine Coat, a large Wig, and a gilt Chariot; no, he knew his Name was sufficient to recommend him, and his Success to enlarge his Practice, without these troublesome modern Appendages of medical Dignity. He, good Man, was contented with a Plain Suit, the Older and Courser the Better, and was so condescending as to be his own Apothecary, and carried his Shop and all his Implements on his Back. In a Word, this Gentleman, who, in the Sequel, proved *Salguod's Physical Father*, had as much primitive Modesty and Simplicity of Manners as his Grand-father by the Mother's side, whose Manner of Life I have already describ'd.

The Doctor was possess'd of many rare Secrets, particularly adapted to the Cure of that troublesome Disease the Tooth-ach, and Corns; and his Knowledge was so extensive, that he knew how to shave as well

as any Barber in *Spain*, and his Humanity so unbounded that he extended his Clemency even to the Brute Creation ; would prescribe a Drench for a Horse as well as any Farrier in *Catalonia*, and geld a Sow, or spley a Heifer with any Operator in the *Castilian* Monarchy ; in a Word, he was a compleat Physician, and skill'd in all the Branches of the medical Art ; tho' we Moderns would be at a Loss to find a proper Name for his Occupation, and be apt to conclude him properly a Barber Surgeon, Sow Gelder and Farrier, but that is owing to our Ignorance of the Pristine Simplicity of the Antient Fathers in Physic, who all practic'd in this Manner ; and its very well known, that the God of Physic was no other than a Corn-cutter : but enough of this Doctors Character.

The Day was sultry, and the old Gentleman pretty much stricken in Years. Seeing young *Salguod* going the same Way, he enter'd into Conversation, and at last beg'd of him to carry his Shop, for which he promis'd him six Reals at the next Village. The Youth, whose Finances were very low, accepted the Offer and equip'd himself with the Medical Chest. They trudg'd it along slowly till the Evening, when they arriv'd at the Village, and put up at an Inn where the Doctor had a Patient labouring under the Distemper of Corns of a very malignant kind,



kind. *Salguod* saw the wonderful Operation perform'd, and was charm'd with the old Man's Art. Some of the Neighbours hearing of the Arrival of the famous Doctor, flock'd to the Inn in Shoals, some for the Cure of Corns, some for the Tooth-ach, some with Lane Horses, and others with numberless Maladies incident to Men and Beasts, who all receiv'd immediate Ease from this *Esculapius*, and loaded him with Reals, his usual Fees. *Salguod* seeing so much Money got in so little Time, and with so much Ease, took a great Fancy to the Profession of Physic; and not to detain my Reader long on trifling Circumstances when we have so many Affairs of Importance to discuss, I must acquaint them, that young *Salguod* enter'd into a Treaty with the Doctor, by the Articles of which he became engaged to carry his Medicinal Chest and Tools for the Space of seven Years, and the Doctor, on his Part, and in Consideration of his Service, bound himself to communicate to him every Scrap of all that Mass of physical Science of which he was possess'd, and to teach him to cure Man and Beast of all the Diseases they are liable to.

It would be tedious to relate all that happened to young *Salgoud* during the seven Years, or give a Journal of the Cures he and his Master wrought; its enough for my Purpose and the Readers, to know, that at  
the

the Expiration of the Treaty, *Salguod* turn'd out the most expert traveling Physician, Farrier, Corn-cutter, Surgeon, or what you please to call him, in all *Catalonia*. But least he should interfere with his Master's Practice, and that he might enlarge his Sphere of Fame, he left that Province, and appeared in various Shapes, to have the better Opportunity of exercising his great Talents. Sometimes he was so humble as to carry a brown Musket in the Service of his Catholic Majesty, and at other Times, when Peace made Arms useless, he vouchsafed to wear the Livery of a certain Man-midwife of the same Name, from whom it's supposed he received the first Hints of that Branch of his Profession. After various Perigrinations and the Performance of many wonderful Cures, he at last arriv'd at *Cadiz*, where an Itch of seeing the wide World seiz'd our young Doctor more violently than ever. An Opportunity soon offer'd to gratify this laudable Inclination, for a Ship bound for the Coast of *Guinea*, on the slaving Trade, chanc'd to want a Surgeon. The Business was indeed beneath a Man of *Salguod*'s Knowledge and Reputation, but his Itch to travel, got the better of his Pride, and he undertook the Office of Surgeon to the Ship, for the Consideration of two Pistoles a Month. She soon sail'd, and *Salguod* lik'd the Sea so well, that he continued



nued in that Employment for two or three Years, and was very well esteem'd by his Owners, both on Account of his Chirurgical Capacity, and for another Qualification, which he had acquired on Ship-board. It happen'd, that in the Passage to the *Spanish* Plantations from *Guinea*, one or two of the Negro Female Slaves fell in Labour, and wanted such Assistance as the Tars could not afford them ; the Surgeon was apply'd to for Advice, and tho' he was as much to seek in that kind of Business as they, yet, out of good Nature, he would do all in his Power to relieve the Distress'd ; in short, he went down to the Hold, commenc'd Man-midwife, and had very good Success in three or four Tryals he had Occasion to make during his Stay in the Merchant's Service, which convinc'd him there was nothing that his Genius was incapable of. At this time the Profession of Man-midwife was become much in Repute in *Spain*, and the Female old Women were generally discarded by People of Fashion, while those of the Masculine Gender were liberally rewarded for their Assistance, especially on difficult Occasions. Finding this Business to be very lucrative, Mr *Salguod* soon determined to profess it, for his want of Skill, Experience, or Abilities were Difficulties that never enter'd his Noddle ; he only consider'd on the properest Way to make himself known at

*Madrid*, the only Place wherein he expected his bright Parts would appear to the greatest Advantages. Wisely reflecting that a Diploma of a Doctor's Degree would be a very good Passport; and knowing there were Universities where he might graduate his Mule for Money if he pleas'd he therefore could not imagine, they would refuse a Degree to him for the same valuable Consideration, who had at least as much Sagacity as that Animal. He had saved a year or two's Wages, with which he quits *Cadiz*, and travels for a certain University, from whence he brought those significant Letters which he added to his Name, *viz.* M. D. And now our learn'd Doctor, after many Adventures on the Roads, which I have not Leisure to relate, arriv'd safe at *Madrid*, and after resting a Day or two at an Inn incognito, till he had procured some of the necessary Badges of his new Dignity, he cast about for Lodgings, suitable to the Station of a Physician. He would have hired a handsome House at once, but the Rents of this City are so unconscionably high, and Furniture so plaguy expensive, it did not Suit with the Doctor's Pocket; and wisely considering, that his Fund might fall short if he liv'd high, and that Temperance would contribute to his Health, as well as agree with the Circumstances of his Pocket, he put up at an eminent Chandler's Shop, where he could be supply'd



supply'd with simple Bread, Cheese and Small Beer, without being put to the Trouble and Expence of keeping a Valet to send out for other Dainties or going to an Ordinary. He lodg'd in the first Floor, but it was that next the Heavens, for he hated the Damps of the lower Stories, and scorn'd that Any-body should be more elevated than himself.

His Habit, and assumed Gravity, soon gave the Family to understand that their Lodger was a Doctor; and he took an Opportunity to let them into the Secret, that he likewise profess'd *Man-midwifery*; which mightily heighten'd the Opinion of the good Land-lady, and her Gossips, of which she had great Numbers on Account of her Business in the Chandlery Way. In a little Time, our Doctor was known all over the Neighbourhood, and he had the Honour after three or four Months Recess from Business, to be call'd to visit an eminent Cocker in the same Street whom he had the ill Fortune to see go to his Grave, in spite of his great Skill. However, this did not discourage the Doctor, who hop'd this Miscarriage would not hurt his Reputation. Nevertheless, it had some small Effect, for he got not another Patient for ten Months after; he might, its true, have got Money in the Practice of Surgery, and Farriery, but he scorn'd any thing that was manual, except Midwifery, and would rather starve than prostitute the Doc-

torial Dignity, by Acting in an inferior Branch. Hence his great Merit lay long in Obscurity, and his Revenues began to grow very much out of order: his *Exchequer* was quite empty, his *Bankers* daily return'd his Notes unanswer'd, and his Creditors, for the important Articles of Bread, Cheese, &c. to his Household, become very clamorous; his Physical Cloak was a little out of repair, and his Wardrobe in general in a ruinous Condition. In a Word, he was in a sad Plight, with nothing but Hope, Patience and Philosophy to support him under all those adverse Strokes of Fortune: He regretted a thousand Times his quitting the Sea, and now and then wish'd his Diploma at the Devil, or that he might exchange it for his old portable Laboratory; but Fortune help'd this great Man out at a Pinch, and set him once more on the Pinnacle of Prosperity. He happen'd to be call'd to visit an eminent Taylor, who for the Convenience of Light, had his Shop-Board in a Shed adjoining to one of the neighbouring Houses, and had in that manner amass'd together great Wealth. The Taylor being sick the Doctor prescrib'd to him, and had the Honour to set him once more, *rectus in Curia*. This gain'd him the Esteem of the grateful Tradesman, who invited him frequently to honour his Table with his Company. The Taylor had an only Child, a Daughter



Daughter of rare Beauty, and uncommon Qualifications, on whom he doated, and resolv'd to make Heirefs of all his Wealth. This worthy Mechanic was desirous of raising his Family, by an Alliance with some Person of Figure and Consequence ; and who should he pitch upon but Doctor *Salguod*. Tho' the Notion of a Taylor's Daughter did not lie easy upon the Doctor's Stomach ; yet the Impetus of Hunger got the better of his Pride, and he wisely snatch'd at the Damsel, to whom he was married with great Pomp : The Father new furnish'd his Son-in-Law's Wardrobe, took him home to his own House, prevail'd on him to honour his Roof for two or three Years, and afterwards found means to set him up in a pretty decent House of his own, by which he gain'd some few Patients, tho' not sufficient to support him. However the Figure he now made, procured him Credit, on which he subsisted a little longer. But nothing on this side the Grave is permanent, a Reverse came ; for the Doctor sometimes chanc'd to treat his Lady with more Freedom than she was dispos'd to bear. This at last bred a high Quarrel, which the Doctor terminated by turning Madam out of Doors. The Father resented this, and wanted to bring him before a *Cady* for a large Sum of Money, accumulated for Board, and other Outlayings since the Marriage. This De-

mand the Son-in-law was not able to satisfy ; therefore he prudently retir'd from the Storm, and permitted his Physical Talents to remain under a Cloud for some Time. At last Fortune smooch'd her Brow, and our Doctor was again enabled to laugh at the Malice of his Enemies. For about this Period, there was an Order for a Convocation of all the Clergy in *Spain*, the Chapter and Parishoners of every Cathedral Church, being empower'd to elect two Proxies to represent them in the national Synod. A Spirit of Dissertation possess'd the People at this Time, and they became very much divided in their Opinions about the Choice of their Proxies. The Archbishop and the Dean recommended some, but an opposite Party recommended others, who, generally speaking, were more agreeable to the Mob, than the Favorites of the Archbishop. The Grantees were some on one side, some on another, as their Interest led them. Doctor *Salguod*, had now an Itch to turn Statesman: He therefore espous'd the popular Side, as there happen'd to be among the Mob more of his Acquaintance than on the other ; and he hoped by that Means to make himself known. In order to this he mounted a Carr, adorn'd with Flags and Pendants, and rode through all the publick Streets in the City and Suburbs, bawling out the Names of the Popular Proxies, and drinking at all  
the



the Publick Houfes as he went, where he had some of his mob Companions purpofely ftation'd to falute him by his Name, and entertain the Crowd, when he was gone, with an Account of the wonderful Cures he had wrought in the Phyfical Way, and the many dangerous Births he had affifted as a Man-midwife. But as it happened, his Party were outwitted for that Bout, by a Trick from the oppofite Side ; however, a few Months after, Matters were fet to rights, and the Doctor intitued a Society in Commemoration of the great Atchievements of the Party on that Occafion, and folemniz'd the Aniverfary of their Glorious Struggle with the fame Pomp and Ceremony as if he and his Friends had fav'd the whole *Spanifh* Monarchy from Deftruction ; tho' God knows they had very little Hand in the Revolutions which happen'd foon after at the Archbifhop's Palace ; however they attributed the Honour of every thing to themfelves, and kept their wife Affembly, at which the Doctor always affifted, for feveral Years after, till they expos'd themfelves to the Ridicule of all the sober People of *Madrid*. But the Doctor had in fome Meafure his End, for by his officious Medling in that Affair, tho' quite out of his Sphere, and in a manner ill becoming the Gravity of a Phyfician, he recommended himfelf to the Patronage of fome of the Leaders of the Faction, by whole Interest he

was nominated Physician to the Household of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Asturia*; and by their Generosity was enabled to set up his Chariot as the last necessary Badge of Physical Excellence. He was no sooner possess'd of this Piece of Equipage, than he was seen every Day in all the Streets of the City, tho' he had nothing else to do but to air his Horses. He order'd Letters for himself at all the Publick Coffee Houses, and kept two or three Porters in constant Pay to trot after him wherever he went, and hurry him out of all Companies to some fictitious Patient, who wanted him that Minute. In a Word, to do him Justice, he left no Artifice untry'd to push himself into Business and Reputation; but all would not do; his Acquaintance and Friends chanc'd to be mostly of an unfavorable healthy Constitution, and were not often enough sick to gratify the Doctor's Itch of Practice: Therefore he bethought himself of another Method of letting the World know there was such a valuable Personage in Being, who had the Honour to be Physician to his Royal Highness, and Man-midwife. To advertise himself in the News Papers, or upon Pissing Posts, he thought would look too much like a Quack, and his original Profession. Therefore he would not take that Method of publishing his Existence, yet he wanted much to see his great Name in Print, with  
all



all its pompous Additions: To bring this about, he bethought himself of turning Author, for which the Debates among the Members of the College afforded him an excellent Opportunity; For at this Time, a very ingenious Gentleman, who had studied at *Padua*, and taken the Honourable Degree of *Profyndic* at that University, came to settle at *Madrid*; and having discover'd the phlegmatic, grave Disposition of the *Spaniards* in general, when compared with other Nations with whom he had been conversant, form'd a Scheme for rendering them more alert and volatile, by depriving them of a large Quantity of their Blood, and plentifully purging off the gross Humours which affected their Understandings with that Slowness of Speech and Apprehension for which they are so remarkable. This Nation in general are tenacious of their old Modes, and particularly fond of their Blood, which they could not be prevail'd on to part with in such Quantities as the *Profyndic* prescrib'd, and *Salguod*, as obstinate as the Rest, declar'd openly against this Innovation in Physic. A Patient of some Rank of the *Profyndic's* died, and the Ill-natur'd Physicians whisper'd he had been purg'd and bled to Death. The *Paduan* Doctor publishes the Case, and challenges the whole College of *Madrid* to find Fault with his Practice. The old and wise despis'd the Invitation, and scorn'd to enter

the Lists, but our Doctor thought this a noble Opportunity to display his Talents, and to blazon his Name in Print. Though no Member of the Medical College, and consequently no ways concern'd in the Challenge, yet he resolves to take up the Cudgels; but how to execute this Resolve was Matter of serious Consultation. He had an Itch to write and say something in Answer to this Case, but how, or what, he knew not, for his own Abilities were not sufficient either for Matter or Stile. However he got over this Difficulty, by employing a certain Person, who was willing to humour the Doctor, for the sake of a few Pistoles. To work they went, and hammer'd out a very elaborate Treatise in Answer to the *Profyndic's* Case, wherein the Author (in the Name of Doctor *Salguod*) demonstrates to the World that he knew nothing of the matter in Dispute, of which he took Care to steer wide enough, but supply'd that Deficiency with Abundance of virulent, mean, personal Reflections against the *Paduan* Doctor. *Salguod* prepar'd all his Acquaintance for the Reception of this Piece, and was so impatient to appear in Print, that he treated the Public with an Advertisement in all the Papers, acquainting them that such a Day the famous Doctor *Salguod*, with all his Physicial Titles, was to commence Author, and favour the learned World with his precious Labours.



Labours. The Day came, and the blazing Star appear'd, but was clouded before Night; for it was no sooner peep'd into, but it smelt so Rank of Ignorance and Scandal that it was universally damn'd by all who had the least Regard to Truth and Decency. *Salguod* expected an Answer, but in vain; for the *Prosyndic* undertook only to defend his Practice against Gentlemen, and Men of Letters, and not against Dirt and Scandal. Having thus commenc'd Author, our Doctor thought he might do any thing. He found every Day new Talents which had been hid from himself, and 'all the World before; At last he takes it into his head to turn Poet; tho' had he been to play at Crambo with School Boys, they would certainly have got the better: but he was not oblig'd to trade on his own Stock, and therefore not solicitous about his Abilities. If the Poetic God did not fire his Breast, that was not his Fault: In short, he was resolved to have at least Poetical Reputation at any Rate. He had no sooner thought of this Crotchet, than a Youth of about fifteen, just arriv'd from a School in the Doctor's own Country, came one Day to pay him a Visit, and presented him with a Copy of Verses, on no lower a Subject than the Resurrection, in order to have his Judgment of them. The Doctor lik'd them hugely, and from that Minute adopted the poetical Orphan, and call'd it by his own

Name. This was a second Opportunity of being publickly mention'd in Print ; tho' some thought it an odd Subject for a Physician and a Man-midwife to chose to write on, as they believe, when that Day comes, there are Numbers who will appear to have been hurried out of their Life by their Means. The Doctor valued himself much on this Performance ; and could not be put out of Conceit with it by all the Critics could say ; Their Notions about its puerile Stile, the triteness and poorness of its Thought, the harshness of the Numbers, the want of the *Vis Poetica* Spirit he attribut'd, no Doubt very justly, to Spleen, Malice and Ill-nature ; since it had all the Beauties he could conceive ; yet he speaks modestly of it in Print, which as it is the only Instance I can give of that Virtue in him, I cannot omit mentioning it. He concludes the Poem, I mean his Author concludes it in these Words,

\* “ But why this Toil, to swell the tune-  
ful Strain.

“ In Words, at best, but elegantly vain.”

Had he chang'd the Word *Elegantly* for *Execrably*, it had been the truest Comment that could be made on the Poem, as it is

\* I have translated the *Spanish* Line almost literally.

the



the only modest Thing the Doctor ever utter'd †.

The Doctor's Itch of Fame, Scribble and Scandal, daily encreas'd; tho' his Patients did not; but he was resolv'd once more to have a Brush with one of his Neighbours, to try if he could scold himself into the Practice of Mid-wifery. For this Purpose, he hires another Hackney Writer to abuse, in his Name, an eminent Professor of Man-mid-wifery. His Piece is highly season'd with his old Favourite, Scandal, no matter whether true or false, and he lays about him like a Madman, raving at the Ignorance and Stupidity

† A learned Critick (whose Name I am not allowed to mention) says, that what the Author of *The Town, a Satire*, lately published, observes of a Poem on the Resurrection by one Dr. D--g--fs, is truly applicable to that of Dr. Salguod. I shall quote the Passage from the *Town*, as it may give the Reader some Idea of *Salguod's* Piece, which has been long ago condemned to Oblivion.

D————s to those he had by Physick slain,  
 So sung to tell 'm how to rise again;  
 Finely describes how broken Members fly,  
 Odd Legs and Arms how bustle in the Sky:  
 (How vast the Genius that such Thoughts contains!)  
 So then, if true be his prophetic Strains,  
 D——s perhaps may find his scatter'd Brains.

} Vide *Town, a Satire*, p. 12.

Stupidity of both Antients and Moderns in that useful Branch. He tells us, ‘ The anti-  
 ‘ ent Doctors could afford no Help to the  
 ‘ Distress’d, till they had first peep’d into  
 ‘ their Case by the help of a *Speculum Ma-*  
 ‘ *trice*, and had got a full View of that dark  
 ‘ Region by the help of a Half-penny Candle.  
 ‘ The Moderns, he says, laid aside the Can-  
 ‘ dle and Lanthorn, and were contented to  
 ‘ grope in the Dark, but then encumber’d  
 ‘ themselves with a Parcel of useless Tools  
 ‘ and Implements ; but that for his Part he  
 ‘ was resolv’d to follow neither of them, but  
 ‘ do as he did on board the *Guinea Ship*, use  
 ‘ only his Hand, which he says is so delicate-  
 ‘ ly form’d, that it ought to be cast in Brass,  
 ‘ and no Man permitted to touch the La-  
 ‘ dies, who cannot exactly parallel it in all  
 ‘ its Beauties and Dimension’s. He looks  
 upon it, that the Profession of Mid-wifery  
 depends chiefly on the Hand being small ;  
 whether he means that all the Members  
 should correspond or not, I know not, but  
 he absolutely denies that the Head, or Brain,  
 or Intellect has any thing to do in the Matter :  
 that the Professor’s Hand should contain  
 his Eyes, Judgement, and Understanding,  
 which all ought to stand on the Tip of the  
 Little Finger. He hints at some very great  
 Inconveniences attending large Hands being  
 permitted to practice Midwifery ; and desires  
 that a general Survey may be made of all the  
 Women



Women in *Spain*, to try to settle the exact Bulk which they can permit a Hand to arrive at, which is destin'd for their Use ; and till that is done, proposes that his own Hand shall be the Standard, and expressly prohibits the Gentleman he writes against to meddle with a *Vagina* on any Account till he has reduced his hand to the Standard-size, and stretched his Fingers to a Length suitable to the Ladies Occasions. He next discovers in this memorable Treatise, that Wood is not so strong as Steel ; that it is the smoothest, strongest, and smallest Matter, of which a Forceps should be made, and therefore on Account of its smallness especially (for Minuteness, is a necessary Qualification in every Thing that enters that Part, according to him) he recommends it to the Doctor to lay aside his wooden Forceps, and to resume the small, stiff, polish'd Steel ones. It was the Doctor's Intention to have shown the Impropriety of this wooden Instrument, but whether his Author forgot it or the Doctor was lame in his Instructions, the Impropriety happens to be demonstrated in no other Place but the Title Page, except so far as I have hinted about Neatness and Smallness. But I am weary of the Doctor's Writings, since No-body reads them, and he can prevail on any body to answer them, it's in vain for me to give any further Account of them.

This,

This, Sir, is the Picture I promised; I hope you like it now it is finished; I am sure it has many of your Features, I need not subscribe your Name to it: All Mankind must know, No-body sat for such a Piece but the renowned Dr. *Salguod*: If you like the Sample I have given you of my Art, you may have more of it, at the Price of your scribbling a little more Scandal; nothing under that can oblige me to take up my Pencil; and till that Opportunity I desire to be numbered among your Friends, and am,

*Learned SIR,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

GILL BLASS.

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*Tu major, tibi me est æquum parere Menalca,*  
*Fidis offender medicis? irascar amicis?*

Virg.  
Hor.

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 E N Q U I R ' D I N T O .

I HAVE waited hitherto, with no little *Impatience*, to see some good Effect of that Debate which I thought was *happily* started at a *late* Meeting of our *University* upon the Subject of *Precedence*, between Professors of *Law* and *Physick*. And, tho' I can't join in Opinion with the worthy *Gentleman* who *first* mov'd in it, I must needs say the

Motion was *seasonable*, and well became him : For, besides that he intended an *Honour* to a Faculty he was promoted *above*, and was so *self-denying* as to wave all Debates of that Nature, as long as he was a *Party concern'd* in the Motion, he did what in him lay, to put an End by *Authority*, to a Point in Controversy, which had long divided the Gentlemen of those Two *Faculties*; and I am very much mistaken if the same Person does not *hereafter* prove as much a Friend to Piety and Learning in his other *Designs*, as he has been already in *this*, to the Peace and Agreement of *learned Men*.

But to my great Disappointment, little more has been said upon the *Subject*, since the first Debate, than what has been argu'd in *private*, more for the Entertainment of *single Gentlemen*, than the Use and Information of *Mankind*. I have heard that the Matter is brought to a *Compromise*, and Professors in *both Faculties* have *agreed* to yield Precedence to one another, according to their *Standing*, and the *Date* of their Commencement.

But this to me appears no *satisfactory* Way of *deciding* a Point of such *Importance*. And to speak freely, it is but drawing a Skin over a Wound, and giving it a *Face* of Soundness, when there lies Filth and Purulence *within*, which will another Time break out with more Pain, and greater Danger.



The *Time* is approaching, when it will be proper once more to bring this *Affair* upon the *Carpet*; and I am humbly of Opinion, that the Point is of such *Consequence*, that it ought not to *subside*, as it has done of late; it should neither *rest* upon that slight *Raffle* it receiv'd at its *first* Appearance in Publick, nor be hush'd up in Silence under the Pretence of any *private* Accommodation, which the Parties concern'd have since come to, for the Sake of *Civility* and good *Manners* in Company.

I am one of those, who love *Peace* upon a good Foundation, and do, for that Reason, no less admire *Truth*, upon which alone a *lasting* Peace can be *founded*. And as I am *qualify'd* to introduce this Matter at the next Meeting of our University, and fully *determin'd* to do so, I thought it *reasonable* to give this friendly *Notice* to all Parties, that they study the *Point*, and make themselves Masters of it, and give it so thorough a *Canvassing* in what manner they think fit, as to leave no Room for *Exception* and *Wrangling* when the Question comes to be *solemnly* debated in that *Assembly*.

But before I come to the *Merits* of the Cause it self, you must give me *leave* to make one *Observation* in the Way, concerning the *Importance* of Precedence in general, which may prove of singular Use to Mankind who are for the most part *unappriz'd* of it.

As I remember, there fell a very rash Expression from a certain Gentleman (with whom it is not used to be so *unguarded*) who  
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appear'd an *Advocate* for Physicians , when the Motion was first made , to thrust them from their Place. He was pleas'd to call it a *Womanish Debate*, if I took him right ; but, as much a Friend as I am to his *Person* and *Cause*, I will not follow him in that Opinion ; and will further say , the Expression was mean, and beneath the Dignity of his *Character*. There is an *unkind* Reflection couch'd in it upon a *Sex* by which much of the *Decencies* of Life and *little Morals* are supported : And it does not agree with that Taste of Gallantry which he is *thought* to have, and is very consistent with his *Profession* ; and is even *ungrateful* in a Man of that Faculty, which is more in Favour with the *Ladies*, than any other, except *Divinity*.

But not to *insist* upon this, I can't think, as that Expression *implies*, that the Matter is at all *beneath* the Consideration of the *greatest* and most *learned* of Men : on the contrary, I think the Question was well mov'd ; and since it has been moved , every one should endeavour to find on which Side of the Argument the Advantage lies ; and I wonder that in this *Interval* of *Parliament* and *Business* (the usual *Vacation* of this Kingdom ) something has not been offered before this Time, for the *quieting* Men's Minds. It is a *Difference* amongst His Majesty's Subjects, which it becomes every *healing* Spirit to *compose*, and is a Duty both of *Religion* and *Loyalty*.

I would



I would ask, Is *Precedence* or *Distinction* of Place of no Moment amongst *Men*? Are *Women* only concern'd in it? Does *Society* owe nothing of *Conveniency* to it? Is it *indifferent*, whether a Man sits at a *Lady's* Elbow, or her pert *Chaplain's*; near a *Soop* at the *Head* of the Table, or *Beef* at the Bottom? Is there no Advantage in the *first* Plate, or the earliest Compliment of the *Glass*; or the Respect of *Waiters*; or in ruling the *Books* at a Quarter Sessions; and being honour'd with the *Cushion* in the Face of one's Country? Is it of no Consequence to be in *the Eye* of the Government; and does not *Precedence* contribute to that at a *Tholsel* Entertainment? What are *Academical* Degrees so dearly purchas'd for, but *P L A C E*; and can a *Professor* answer it to his *Trust* or *Interest* to disparage *Precedence*? For what other Reason in Nature but *Precedence*, did a *Great Man* of my *Acquaintance*, lately become a *double grand Compounder* for his Degree; and another *undecieve* Mankind, or rather *deceive* Women, and suffer'd himself to be pronounc'd a *venerable Man* in spite of his *youthful Looks*? Shall not the solemn Doctor—— in his Chariot take Place of plain Mr.—— in his, and have the *Heels* of him in *Preferment*, according to the Start he has in *Precedence*?

Give me Leave to say, that the Notion of the *Insignificancy* of Place has been of infinite *Prejudice* to many *worthy Men*, and of as great *Advantage* to others, who have *juster Thoughts* of it. While *Dignity* sinks with its own Weight,

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the *Scum* of Mankind will naturally rise above it.

I have a *pious* Concern upon me for all the important *Mistakes* of Mankind, and this amongst the rest ; as to which I have observed a *strong* Prejudice runs counter to the Nature of Things, and the Principles of *Truth* and *Reason*. Sure I am *Nature* directs every *Person* and *Thing* to maintain its Situation, or rather not so much to *keep* its own Place, as to *aspire*, and *displace* others. And the Reason is plain, because that is a Tendency to the *uppermost* Point, and an Approach to *Perfection*, ; and therefore, contrary to common Opinions, I have ever thought there is *Piety* in Pride and Ambition ; and that it is a *Virtue* to be æmulous and aspiring ; and when I hear, as in my Time I have many, *conceited* Declamations against *Pride*, I suspect it is with the Design of a *Monopoly*, and to *engross* it, as I have known an ingenious School-boy spit in his Mefs of Porridge, not to *abuse* the good Creature, but to *secure* it all to *himself*. What is that *Domination* so early given to Mankind, but Superiority of *Power* and *Place* ? And then to act up to it is not *Womanish*, but *Manly*. And if that was a *Precept*, I will take upon me to say, there is not one Point of Duty so universally and exactly observ'd.

And *Society* has so great a Consideration of Place, that we find wise *Provisions* made for the *regulating* of it, and for *settling* the due *Pre-eminence* of all Degrees of Men, and an Office of



of *Heraldry* for that Purpose, which may be found in *almost every House of Quality*. I could go further than this, but for this Reason, that it is *out* of my Way, and none of my Business, to determine the *Force* of great *Examples*, and make Conclusions upon *Scripture*; and perhaps my Friend's *best Apology* is, that the *Bible* is out of the *Road* of his Profession and Study; but I will say thus much, that as I have observ'd *Divines* to be so far scriptural in their Carriage, as to take *the Right Hand of Fellowship* on all Occasions, and carry their Disputes about Place as high as any other sort of Men, so their *Practice* (such is my *Deference*) is to me the best *Gloss* upon *Duty*, and my Conviction, and should be *his*. And this plainly determines the Point against him, and shews the Importance of Precedence; and then it will follow in *Logick*, that if *taking Place* be matter of Moment, to *dispute* about Place is not Womanish or *trivial*.

And this allow'd, I am inclin'd to believe, that upon this *religious* Principle all our *late* Promotions of *Nobility* have proceeded, and that so many Gentlemen have procured themselves *Titles*, not as some have *injuriously* thought, that they might take Place of their *Betters*, but out of a Sense of *Duty*: And while *some* (alas! too many) ignorantly *despise* them for their worthless Ambition, I regard them with another Eye, and *honour* them for their *Piety*, and *Courage*, and *Conscience*, and even *Condescension*, in being made Great; and do from my Heart *pity* such as cannot be *greater*, without being

*less*. Indeed the Roll of our Nobility is at present very *voluminous* ; but no matter for that. If there were more of them, such is the *Dutility* of my Respects, I could, with a *smaller* Quantity of Esteem, do Honour to them *all*. I make the same Account of Nobility of all Dates, as I do of Books. I value the *Old*, as usually more *exact*, and *genuine*, and *useful*, tho' commonly *unletter'd*, and often *loose* in the Binding ; and I value the *New*, because ——— but the Notion is *obvious*, and I leave my Reader to pursue it. I was led into this Comparison from the *Curiosa Felicitas* of those whose way it is to *paste* their Arms and *Titles* of Honour on the Reverse of *Title Pages*, which shews the Affinity of the Two. My Love to the Nobility has made me sometimes seriously lament the great *Damp* must have fallen on Honour and *laudable* Ambition, had the *Peerage Bill* succeeded in *England* ; but I had this Consolation, that had the *Sluice* been shut there, the *Flood* of Honour had risen the *higher* here, and *overflow'd* this my *Native* Kingdom.

I could here, according to *Custom*, produce in favour of this uncommon Position, many bright Authorities, and have now before me above a Score of Quotations, gather'd with *infinite* Labour from St. *Chrysofom*, by his *Index* ; but, to the *Discouragement* of my *Learning*, the *Greek Types* are not ready, and will not be set till the *Twentieth* of next Month, when the following *Editions* of this Work shall be *enrich'd* with learned *Languages*, in great *Variety*.



riety. The Author of a *late State-Sermon* should have waited, as I do, rather than suffer his Learning to look *a-sqint* as it does, and make so *frightful* a Figure from the Press. I am Master of the *Stochastick* Art, and by Virtue of that, I *divine*, that those *Greek Words* in that Discourse have *crept* from the Margin into the Text, otherwise than the Author intended; and indeed some of those *Greek Maggots* are so *uneasy* in and *asham'd* of their Place, that they seem to be upon the *Crawl* backwards.

I hope what has been offer'd will clear this Case of *Conscience*, and is sufficient to shew any Man of *Candor*, and who *loves* and *searches* after Truth as I do, the *Importance* of Place and Precedency amongst Men, that the *Peace*, and *Order*, and *Honour* of Society is owing to it: And as *Women* have been remarkably *strenuous* in asserting these Rights, I do hereby take upon me to return them the Thanks of *Mankind* (asking Pardon for the Professor's Misbehaviour) and do wish them *Perseverance* and *Success* in all their laudable Attempts of *that* Nature. Let them enjoy the *Wall* and the *Right Hand* of us from this Day forward, not in consideration of their *Weakness*, or out of our *Courtesy*, but in their own *Right*, as *Patriots*, and stout *Defenders* of the Privileges of their *own* and *our* Sex.

But to proceed. It were perhaps a proper *Method* in this, as in other Debates concerning Precedency, to appeal to the *Heralds Office*, and be determin'd by usual and stated *Rules* there,

there, how Place in this Case is to be *given* or *taken*; but a certain *Lord* has assured me upon his *Honour*, that nothing concerning the present Question is there taken notice of; and whatever Orders may be delivered in Heraldry about *personal* Precedence, there is nothing said as to *Faculties*, except only this, that Doctors in Divinity, and those not *Specialists*, as we use to call them, *i. e.* such as have received that Degree by the special Indulgence and *undeserv'd* Favour and Grace of the University, shall have a Place immediately above Esquires that are not of Noble Families.

Upon which Observation, if it be true, as I fear it is, I have reason to apprehend some Disturbance in the Country amongst the Ladies there; therefore I do present my most humble Service to Madam — Wife to a very Reverend Divine, D. D. *Speciali Gratia*, who has of many Years past, to my Knowledge, in Mistake of her Husband's Right, taken Place at Table of a certain Justice o'th' Peace's Lady; and do advise her, that in order to maintain her Precedency, she wou'd *once more* send her Spouse up to a Commencement, and engage him to perform his Acts, and be readmitted, and take up his large Cautionary Bonds for her own and her Children's Advantage.

And I wou'd further observe, for the Use of Men who love Place without a Title to it either by Law or Heraldry; as some have a strange Oiliness of Spirit which carries them upwards, and mounts them to the top of all  
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Company, ( Company being often like bottled Liquors, where the light and windy Parts hurry to the Head, and fix in Froth: ) I wou'd observe, I say, that there is a secret way of taking Place without *sensible* Precedence, and consequently without *Offence*. This is a useful Secret, and I will publish it here from my own Practice, for the Benefit of my Countrymen, and the universal Improvement of Mankind.

It is this : I generally fix a sort of *first Meridian* in my Thoughts before I sit down ; and instead of observing privately, as the way is, whom in Company I may sit *above* in point of *Birth, Age, Fortune, or Station*, I consider only the Situation of the Table by the Points in the Compass, and the nearer I can get to the *East* ( which is a Point of Honour for many Reasons ; for — *Porrecta Majestas ad ortum solis* ) I am so much the higher ; and my good Fortune is to sit sometimes, or for the most part, due *East*, sometimes N. B. E. seldom with greater *Variation* ; and then I do my self Honour, and am bless'd with *invisible* Precedence, *mystical* to others ; and the Joke is, that by this means I take Place ( for Place is but Fancy ) of many that sit above me ; and while most People in Company look upon me as a *modest* Man, I know my self to be a very *assuming* Fellow, and do often *look down* with Contempt on some at the *upper-End* of the Table. By this *Craft* I at once gratify my *Humour*, ( which is Pride ) and preserve my *Character* ; and this I take to be the *Art* of Life. And sticking to  
this

this Rule, I generally possess a middle Place in Company, even in the *vulgar* Account, and am at *Meat* as wise Men would be in the *World*,

*Extremi Primorum, Extremis usque Priores.*

And to this Purpose, my Way is to carry a little Pocket Compass in my left Fob, and from that I take my Measures imperceptibly, as from a Watch, in the usual way of comparing Time before Dinner ; or if I chance to forget that, I consider the Situation of the Parish Church, and this is my never-failing Regulator.

I know some People take another way for this, and place themselves nearest the Dish they like best, and their Ambition is gratify'd where their Appetite is so. Eating well is commonly, and with Justice, call'd Good Living ; and their Rule is that of *Horace*,

*Ut quocunque loco fueris vixisse libenter  
Te dicas———*

And it must be allow'd as a Standard, their Honour lies in their Stomach ; as indeed I have always thought *that* contrary to vulgar Notions, the Seat not of Honour only, but of most great Qualities of the Mind, as well as of the Disorders of the Body.

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Give me leave to explain my self. I think I can reduce to this one Principle, all the Properties of the Mind : And by the way, as I take our *grand Devourer of Fire* to have the best Stomach of any Man living, I conclude him the greatest Person our Age, or any other has produced, not excepting *Cato's Daughter* ; nor shall Time, altho' *edax rerum*, ever digest the Memory of one, who has a better Appetite than even Time it self : But to go on, does not the Stomach make Men *Ambitious, Covetous, Amorous, Obsequious, and Time-serving* ? What made a certain Judge keep his Place on the Bench when his Brethren left it, but his Sense of Honour, *i. e.* his keen Appetite ? Does not the Stomach alone carry all Debates in Both Houses, and support Parties, and make Court Parasites lose their Dinner *sometimes*, that they and theirs may Dine the better *all their Lives* after ? Don't we use to say a Man of Honour *Stomachs* an Indignity ? Is not *English Feeding* the Foundation of *English Bravery* ; and good Claret, of *fiercé* and *French Sprightliness* ?

In short, *Courage, Honour, Wit, and Sense*, and all Arts and Sciences, take their Rise here ; and this an Ancient has observ'd, *Magister artis ingeniique largitor Venter* ; which if be true, I will take upon me to declare our Vulgar Saying, *that Men have Guts in their Brains* is a Vulgar Error, and should be rectify'd, and that rather their Brains are in their Guts ; and when we see some Men less Couragious, Witty, or Learn'd than others, we shou'd pity their bad Stomachs

or Indigestion, rather than their Incapacity or Indisposition of Brain: I am so sensible of this, that I have of many Years disus'd, as an Absurdity, that Saying to a simple Fellow ——— *God help your Head*; but I wish him with more Propriety, a good Stomach, or a better Dinner.

I cou'd here *Chymico-Mechanically* resolve Men's Parts into their Feeding, and shew what Sort of Humours and Genius must necessarily proceed from *particular* Sorts of Meats, and explain a great deal of the Heathen Mythology by it; but this I reserve for a Treatise by it self: Yet this I will say, that a Writer's Stomach, Appetite, and Victuals, may be judg'd from his Method, Stile, and Subject, as certainly as if you were his Mess-Fellow, and sat at Table with him. Hence we call a Subject *dry*, a Writer *insipid*, Notions *crude*, and indigested, a Pamphlet empty and hungry, a Stile *jejune*; and many such like Expressions, plainly alluding to the Diet of an Author; and I make no manner of Doubt, but *Tully* grounded that Saying of *Helluo Librorum* upon the same Observation.

Now, I say, it is evident, if this be true, that every Man at Meat is most *honour'd* when he is most *humour'd*, or when he sits nearest to that which pleases his Palate best; and consequently that is the first Place to him upon that Principle, and such Men must be allow'd to have the truest *Taste* of Honour of all others. I have observ'd these Sort of People have generally



rally a great Propensity to Roast-Beef ; and it will be granted , that to sit even at the Foot of the Table next a Sir-Loin, which is a Dish of Dignity, and of old hereditary Knighthood, is in Strictness of Heraldry , more honourable than a Place next the biggest plain Country Squire at the upper End ; and I have often chosen it.

But to return from this useful Digression. The noble Personage afore-mentioned , who honour'd me with his Sentiments upon this *abstruse* Point, must be allow'd to have as good a *local Memory* as any Lord in the Kingdom, and has never been known once to *mistake*, or *forget*, or *recede from* that Place of Distinction , which is due to him. He cou'd settle the Forms of a Royal *Enterrement*, and adjust the Ceremonies of a *Coronation*, if Occasion were ; and I must add , but that he has more *Honour* than to be *officious*, he cou'd have determin'd that late controverted Point of an *English* Bishop's Place amongst *ours* , and had sav'd the House, had he been call'd upon, the *Trouble* and *Delays* of referring to *English* *Precedents*.

I say, his Lordship ( who is expert in Heraldry, and as communicative of that useful Knowledge, as becomes Noble Spirits ) has assur'd me, there is no Notice taken in that Science, of any Distinction of Place for learned Faculties, and for mechanical ones, such as appear on *Collar Days*, or riding the *Franchises* ;

they are below the Thoughts of a Man of *Quality*. He pretends not to know what *By-Laws*, or private *Compacts* of Precedency there may be between *Goldsmiths* and *Grocers*, *Vintners* and *Shoemakers*.

I have now before me a Table of Precedence given me by the same Noble Hand, reaching down from a Prince of the Blood to a Country Squire, and regarding every *Branch* of their Families in the *minuteſt* Manner; which I reſerve for my own Uſe, and am *envious* enough to deny it to the World; and the rather, that it is to be found in *Mackenzey* and *Gwillim*, and may be had for Half a Crown in the Office.

The Caſe being ſo, there can be no other Way, as I conceive, of deciding a Queſtion of Precedency between the Two Faculties of Law and Phyſick, but by enquiring into their *Antiquity* and *Dignity*; and which ſoever of them ſhall appear to be moſt ancient and moſt uſeful to the World, I preſume the World will in Juſtice think fit to have the greater Honour for, and give the Precedence to.

I take it for granted, that Priority of Time, *cæteris paribus*, gives a Preference of Place, and this naturally, or by common Conſent, for that I take to be the Meaning of *Nature* in moſt Caſes, *viz.* what is found reaſonable in it ſelf, and has been always agreed to by Mankind, and is confirm'd by conſtant and un-



uninterrupted Practice ; and this I desire some young Preachers to take good Notice of, and get by rote. I likewise, by the way, take upon me, now I think of it, to advise a certain Deacon of my Acquaintance, to read *Doctor Cumberland* all *through*, and *twice*, before he presumes to plead the *Law of Nature* in the Pulpit ; to learn Mathematicks before he pretends to *demonstrate* there ; to peruse *Aristotle*, *Tacitus*, and the State Tracts, before he meddles with Politicks ; and be able to act *Eteocles*, before he attempts *Greek* Quotations in his Sermons. What if *Jocasta* or *Antigone* should hear a Mispronunciation from the Pulpit, or any other of those young *Greeks*, who so lately did an Honour to *Euripides*, transported their Audience into *Thebes*, and inspir'd the old Batchelors on the foremost Bench, with that *παυδοπόνον ηδονήν*, which they so handsomly represented.

I say, Time gives a natural Right of Precedence by common Consent, and hence Age is honour'd above Youth, and by it. The very Heathens thought it Indecency, and a Trespass in point of Manners, *si juvenis seni non assurrexerit*, if a young Man did not rise up and give way to an older ; and the Cannonists I hope will be ingenuous enough to own, tho' in this Argument against their Brethren the Civilians, that it was a Rule of the Primitive Church, that a Deacon should not sit in the Presence of a Presbyter : In a word, Wisdom  
and

and Experience, which are divine Qualities, are the Properties of Age, and make it honourable, and Youth in the want of them contemptible.

But I don't say this to mortify or discourage young Men. I would not by any means have them despise themselves, for that is the ready way to be despis'd by others ; and the Consequences of Contempt are fatal. For my part, I take Self-conceit and Opinionativeness to be, of all others, the most useful and profitable Quality of the Mind. It has, to my knowledge, made Bishops, and Judges, and smart Writers, and pretty Fellows, and pleasant Companions, and good Preachers. It is a sure way of being agreeable to the Ladies, who ever judge of Men, as they observe Men do of themselves. If all Men were to have the same Opinion of themselves that others have of them, there would not be, out of meer Shame, above Two Sermons next *Sunday* in this large City, nor Five Lawyers to go through with the Business of next Term. Self-conceit supports the Dignity of Church and State, and I pronounce him an Enemy to the Publick, who is so to that.

Much less do I intend any trouble to young Clergymen of the Court or City by the foregoing Remark ; as if because Deacons of old us'd to stand before Presbyters, that now it were fit to rise when they come in, or give the Civility of the Hat or Wall to any rusty

*Rum*



*Rum* in the Street. I know the Inconvenience of that mistaken Piece of old Breeding to both Parties, and think it prudently laid aside. It is Respect to an old Parson not to oblige him to uncover in the Cold, and unsocket his Head with both Hands, and so daggle his Gown out of Ceremony ; it is the same Respect to a spruce Bob, to let it lie quiet and undisturbed in its Hat-case. I know no Reason, why Powder and Oil should submit to Grease and Greyness, that a White Wig should lower to hoary Hair, or a brush'd Beaver strike to a *Carolina-Hat* with Stays.

I cannot forbear here to applaud the present Refinement of Ecclesiasticks in their Habits, and say they are more primitive and regular in their Dress than those of any Age before them. A Clergyman ought to be *καλῶς ἠχρησμένος*, *i. e.* not as we read it, of *good Behaviour*, but well dress'd ; as indeed nothing contributes more to polite Behaviour than good Cloaths. This is a Various Reading ; and here I observe, for the Use of young Stagers in Divinity, That nothing will bring them into greater Repute for deep Learning, than to enterprize in Criticism, and adventure betimes to change the common Reading of any Text in the Bible. This single Word is, in my Opinion, enough to vindicate their Silks and Velvets against all the Fanaticks in *Christendom*, and our own Canons to back them.

It is an old Observation, That Piety is most-ly supported by the Female Sex; so that whatever is agreeable to them is for the Advantage of Religion, and consequently the Clergy shou'd dress in respect to the Ladies, (*i. e.*) for the Good of the Church: And indeed I have known some of the younger Sort, that could not Preach with a *ruffled* Band, or a Wig out of *Curl*; and a certain Lady of my Acquaintance, very *religious*, and who had a good *Taste* of Men, always made a Judgment from the Air and Dress of the Preacher, and never relished any Doctrine that came not recommended with a *Scarf* and a *Diamond-Ring*. I am not one that———*Ambitiosa recidet ornamenta*, wou'd strip the *young* Clergy, and retrench their Decencies of Dress: So far from it, that I wish them with all my heart greater *Elegance*, and *finer Apparel*. Well fare the Heart of that sprightly Youth, a Deacon of this Church, who I foresee shall first adventure to *hoop* his Canonical Coat, and *border* his Band or Shirt with *Mecklin-Lace*, or a modest *Fringe*.

But to return from this *Incident* to my Subject again (from which a vast impetuous Force of Wit, and Learning, and Love of my Country have led me Devious) the nicest Logicians will allow it a fair way of arguing in all Cases, to refer to *Things* what is true as to *Persons*; and therefore I conclude, if Physick be a Faculty more ancient than that of Civil Law,  
then



then it literally *goes before* it, (*i. e.*) takes Place of it; and I hope it will not be denied, that Physick is as old as the Occasion of it; as old indeed, within a few Days, as Mankind; which can by no means be said of the other, in comparifon, *Upstart* Profession; unless any one will be fo hardy to affirm, there was a *Doct̃or's-Commons* or *Bifhop's-Court* in Paradise. And if any Man fhould infift to know the Year and Day of the Rife of Physick, I take him to be ignorant of Religion and Hiftory, and will difdain an Answer; tho' I could tell him not only what the firft Diftemper was, and that Epidemical, *viz.* a Falling-Sicknefs, but alfo who it was that cur'd it; but I don't think fit to gratify Dulnefs and Ignorance fo far.

I have ever blam'd St. *Jerom* in my heart for Indifcretion, that when fome pragmatifical Deacons fet up for Equality with Presbyters, he to humble them, made Presbyters equal in effect to Bifhops; and I could do fomething of the fame Kind in the prefent Difpute, and fhew thofe affuming Civilians, that they can with fo little Reason arrogate a Place above Phyficians, or an Equality with them, that, in my humble Opinion, fome Faculties which they have in Contempt, are fuperior to them in Point of Time: Which I have already prov'd to be the natural Ground of Precedency; and it is enough here but to name the excellent Faculties of *Mufick* and *Poetry*, whole Antiquity, I  
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think, no Man of Sense or Modesty will call in question.

But having mention'd Poetry, I must go aside a little to salute my worthy Friend the *Professor* of, or to speak more properly, the *Reader* in, that Faculty in *Oxford*, who has befriended the World so much by his incomparable Performances of that Kind, especially his latest. I will own he has taught me, and I believe some other Gentlemen who had lost their *Latin*, the true Grammatical Construction of *Virgil*, and deserves not our Acknowledgments only, but those of *Eaton* and *Westminster*. I am sensible, Construction is as necessary to the Relish and Use of an Author, as Chewing is to Taste and Digestion. However, I must take upon me to admonish him of one great Mistake, and I know that the Modesty of the Man, and the good Nature familiar to him, and which shines as much in his Conversation, as Wit and true Poetry does in his Works, will bear it from a Friend. He has more than once, as I remember, put *Jessamine* for *Sweetmarjoram*, the true Version; but as this, and a few more, are his only Variations from the Letter of the Original, it may well be excus'd; my Fear is, that Schoolboys may come to suffer by his Mistake. I dare venture to affirm, in favour of that good Pot-herb, that *Sweetmarjoram* is not improper either in *Froth* or *Heroicks*.

Tho'



Tho' I think what has been urg'd, is sufficient to weigh in favour of the Faculty. I have here espous'd ; yet, upon occasion, I could allow all this to go for nothing, and place the Controversy upon another Footing, and argue from the natural Dignity of Medicine it self, and the universal Use and Benefit of it to Mankind : For it is well known, that Physick has been always necessary to the World, and what Mankind cannot be without. It has been requisite in all Ages and Places, which is more than can be asserted in behalf of Law, either Civil or Canon. I don't believe they know any thing of these in *China* or the *Mogul's* Country, but we know they do of Physick, which prevails in the *East*, which supplies us with great part of our *Materia Medica* ; and no *English-Man* ought in Gratitude to forget, that the great Genius and Honour of *England* was cur'd of a Fit of the Gout by a salutary Moss from the *East*.

But that is not all, the Force of Physick goes further than the Body, and is of use in relieving the Mind under most of its Disorders : And this I dare venture to affirm, having frequently made the Experiment upon my own Person with never-failing Success ; and this I did by the Direction of my worthy Parish Minister, who is indeed an excellent Divine, and withal an able Physician ; and a good Physician only to be the better

Divine. That good Man has often quieted my *Conscience* with an *Emetick*, has dissipated *troublesome Thoughts* with a *Cordial*, or *exhilarating Drops*, has cur'd me of a *Love-Fit* by *breathing a Vein*, and remov'd *Anger* and *Revenge* by the Prescription of a Draught, thence call'd Bitter ; and in these and other Instances, has convinc'd me, that Physick is of use to the very Soul, as far as that depends on the Crasis of the Body.

—— *Mentem sanari corpus ut agrum,  
Cernimus et flecti Medicinâ posse videmus.*

) Lucret.

And I am so fully perswaded of this, that I never see a Wretch go to Execution, but I lament that he had not been in the Hands of a good Physician, who would have corrected those *peccant Humours* of his Body, which brought him to that untimely Death.

Now can any thing like this be pleaded in behalf of one or other of the Two Laws we are dealing with, or of both together ? By the way, I must observe here, that these two Laws, Civil and Canon, are put in Couples for their Unluckiness ; and, I think, they ought to be muzzled too. And here lies the Disadvantage of the present Dispute ; Physick we know is a plain simple thing ; now that this single Faculty, without one Friend on Earth to take its Part, and be a Second, should



should dispute with a Pair at once, is as if one poor Blood-Hound should engage with a Couple of Mastiffs ; or that a Man should fight a Gentleman and his Lackey, or with a single Rapier against Sword and Pistol ; 'tis very foul Play, and Standers-by should interpose : So hard are the Terms of this Debate ; but there is no Help for it : These Two fast Friends can scarce be parted , and are seldom found asunder ; they must rise and fall together. My Lord *Bacon* us'd to say, very familiarly ——— *When I rise , my A——— rises with me.* I ask Pardon for the Rudeness of the Allusion ; but it is certain that the Canon-Law is but the Tail, the Fag-end, or Footman of the Civil, and like Vermin in rotten Wood , rose in the Church in the Age of its Corruption, and when it wanted *Physick* to purge it.

But I am wearying of proving so plain a Point : To me it is clear beyond Contradiction, that the Antiquity and Dignity of *Physick* do give it the Precedence of Civil Law and its Friend. I could here very easily stop the Mouths of Ecclesiastical Civilians, by an Example or Two of great Authority ; but I hope they will take the Hint, and save me the Trouble : And for Lay-Professors, I will only say, he that is not convinc'd, has little Sense not only of Religion ( perhaps that is their least Consideration ) but of good *Manners*, and *Loyalty*, and good *Fellowship*. The Blood of  
the

the *de Medicis* flows in the best Veins in *Europe* ; and I know not how far any Slight offer'd to the *Faculty* may exasperate the present King of *France*, or the Grand Duke, to a Resentment prejudicial to our *Wines*, and the publick *Peace* and the present *Posture* of Affairs. All that love their *Country*, and right good *Florence*, will perceive by this , on which Side of the Argument they ought to appear.

And now for the universal Peace of Mankind, I make the following Rule , to be observed by all Professors in each Faculty, and their Understrappers : I decree , That a Doctor of Physick shall take Place of a Doctor of Laws ; a Surgeon of an Advocate ; an Apothecary of a Proctor of Office, and a Tooth-Drawer of a Register in the Court. I intended this for a Parallel ; but here it fails me, and the Lines meet.

I shall now only observe further, That as the Case seems desperate on the Side of Civilians, in Point of Reason, so I hear they have another Game to play, and are for appealing to Authority ; as I have known a School-Boy fairly beaten at Cuffs, run with a bloody Nose to complain to his Master. I am credibly inform'd , there is a Design on Foot to bring in Heads of a Bill in Favour of Civilians next Sessions of Parliament ; but how generous that Sort of Proceeding is , I leave the World to judge. I am but one, and will certainly oppose any such Motion in my  
Place,



Place, tho' from the Number of Civilians in the House, I have reason to apprehend it will be to little Purpose. The College, a true *Alma mater*, has dubb'd most of us Doctors, and has been more Wise than Christian in her Favours of that Kind; for *she has not given, hoping for nothing again.*

But here I enter my Protest against all Designs that may any way prejudice so great and illustrious a Body of Men, as our College of Physicians are; and I shall take care to draw out the Substance of this Argument, and present it in short Heads to each Member at a proper Time, and am not without some Hopes that Reason may weigh with them.

In the mean Time, I hope a worthy Gentleman, a Member of our House, will stand up on that Occasion, and assert the Rights of a Faculty, which he has enter'd into, and does an Honour to. It must be remember'd to his Credit, that being equally skill'd in Physick, and Civil Law, and perhaps in Divinity as well as either, he chose to commence in Medicine, having chiefly qualify'd himself for that noble Faculty by *repeated Travels*, and enrich'd his Mind with many *curious Observations*, which the World may, in Time, expect *incredible Benefit* from.

If any Man thinks fit to reply to this Argument, and rectify any Mistakes in it, I desire him to preserve his Temper, and debate the Matter with the same Coolness that I have done,  
that

that no Blood may be drawn in the Controversy, nor any Reason given me to complain of *Civilis vulnera dextra*. As *Conviction* chiefly engag'd me on the Side of Physicians, so in some Measure, a Sense of *Gratitude* for a Faculty to which I owe the Comforts of Life, and perhaps Life it self, having receiv'd from it unspeakable Ease in the Two *inveterate* Distempers the *Spleen* and the *Gout*.

F I N I S.





7  
C A I I *Spectrum*:

O R,

Dr. KEYE S's  
C H A R G E

AGAINST

Dr. M——

---

*Sponte qui pravis Studiis inhæret,  
Sit procul; —————* P S A L M ci.

---



L O N D O N :

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C H A R G E

Dr. M. —

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## CA II *Spectrum.*



OUR Sleep has not been quiet, that you are so wide awake upon my gentle and first Call. I am the Remains of *Job. Caius*, and return among the Living, to expostulate with you in my own Name, and in the reverend Names of some antient Sages in Physick, whom you have barbarously made to vouch for you in low and mean Purposes of drawing small Fees from deluded Subjects ; tho' all of us had always a great Contempt of Riches, and

B

some

some of them have refused the opulent Presents of *Eastern* Kings, purely from Virtue, and the inseparable Love they had for their Country.

The *Greeks* laugh at your Arts, and *Hippocrates* said, with some Emotion, That it was scarcely possible for the People of *England* to be impos'd upon by Trifles and Imperinences, every where spread thro' your short Discourse ; *England* being a Country where Liberty has settled among the Living, and where Learning, the great Support and Companion of Liberty, must preserve *Britains* from so gross Impositions ; and therefore they were against my petitioning *Pluto* for leave to make you a Visit, either for vindicating my self from your having used me rudely, or in the Defence of my Countrymen ; for whose Service I wrote my Book of *Sweating-Sickness*.

*Celsus*



*Celsus* too, and the learned *Italians*, after the reviving of Learning, were much against this my Journey, because your Scheme against Mankind and Learning was equally *forced* and *dull*, and would soon be discovered by *Tradesmen* and *Mechanicks*; and that the Nobility appeared to be rather in a Plot to delude themselves, than any Art you had to put upon them; there being nothing of that Brightness in your Conversation, or Learning in your Writings, that may be found every Day among the common *Charlatan's* of their Country.

But the Author, who *explains* your short Discourse, has made them easy; and as he has made no particular Defence for me, the *gallant* Spirit of a *Norfolk-man*, neither the *Sensibleness* of a *Welch-man*, are altogether obliterated by my being among the *Dead* for some Ages. This is

the Reason for my giving you this Visit ; but as I have but one Hour allotted me, I will now make the best Use of my Time, in delivering my *Charge*, and the *Judgment* of the *Dead*, concerning your *Short Discourse explain'd*. First then, you make your *Living* monstrously ridiculous, and grossly ignorant, that they should believe your false History you every where put upon them. You tell them, on my Authority, that the *SWEATING-SICKNESS* began in the Army, with which King Henry the Seventh came from France, and landed in Wales : But I say, that this is neither a new Sicknes in England, nor was it brought hither from foreign Parts. For I am taught from *British History*, that the Sicknes began in *Britain* ; and (as far as I can learn) in the Army of *Henry*, the seventh of that Name ; part of which Army he had lately brought from  
France,



*France*, and partly among the new Levies he had made in *Wales* for the Conveniency of the Neighbourhood of *Milford-Haven*. Was it not therefore very manifest, that the *Sweating-Sickness* began among the *English* in *France*, and those in *Wales* at the same time? so that there are not fewer than two gross Errors in this very short Account; one, that you would make your People believe, that the *English* took the Distemper from the *French*; the other, that *Henry* the Seventh's Army brought it into *England*, and from them the Contagion should have been spread through the Country. What Purpose can it serve, thus to impose upon your Countrymen? Did you hope to confirm their Credulity by such false Accounts of their History? Or did you think that they were become so sunk in Credulity,

as

as to believe the greatest Absurdity you could pronounce ?

Had you not the worst Opinion of Mankind possible, could you assert that this new Disease, never heard of among us till the Year 1485, was brought into *France* from the Siege of *Rhodes* ; and that upon my Authority ? Whereas my Words are these : *Should I admit that this Disease was bred in the Trojan, Biscaye, or Rhodish War (as some have guess'd) and not in Britain.* Do I hereby assert that the *Sweating-Sickness* was in *France*, or that it was brought thither from the Siege of *Rhodes*. On the contrary, my Account is very surprizing ; that the *English*, in *Britain*, were alone afflicted with the Distemper ; and that the *French* and *Scots* were never touch'd or affected with it : Nay, that when the *English* carry'd the Distemper with them into the *Netherlands*,



*therlands*, it continued among them without doing any hurt to the *Dutch*. I never had the Assurance to lay such a weighty Account upon so sandy a Foundation of a Guess. For this Assault upon the *Understandings* of your *Living*, *Pluto* has decreed, that you shall receive forty Slashes of a Cat-of-nine-tails, every *Monday* Morning, from Doctor *Dover's* Negro; and you are to appear, *March* 29. 1722. hurled down in an Apoplexy.

As if it were not enough for you to abuse your *Living*, in the Historical Account of the *Rise* and *Progress* of the *Sweating-Sickness*, you proceed to raise the terrible Remembrance still on the Minds of Men, of the great Havock and Desolation made by it; and would persuade them that the vast Number swept away in a few Hours not to be worth remembering, and as if the Distemper

per

per was a Plague of *Feeble Force*. What Slaughter, how much Blood is necessary to be shed, in order to move the Compassion of some Men? Or rather, are not some Men so blood-thirsty as to wallow, to walk in Blood, without having any Sense or Horror of it?

On the other hand, take a short Account of this merciful Plague; this Plague of *Feeble Force*. This unknown then Guest first appeared at *Shrewsbury*, a fortify'd Town on the *Severn*, and treated the People so unmercifully, that it destroy'd almost every Person in those and the neighbouring Parts. It spared no Sex, Age, nor Conditions of Men, whether they were employ'd in any Office of Life, or had no Business to follow; insomuch, that in numerous Families, few escaped the Fury of the Fever; and none of the few came so clear off, that they did



did not feel its Severity. Some it destroy'd in a Moment; some in one, two, or three, and others in the space of four Hours. They who had eaten a cheerful Dinner, often dy'd before Supper-time: None that survived the Fury of the Distemper, could boast of their being deliver'd from the Danger of it, sooner than in 24 Hours. One complained that Thirst had killed him; another, that he was consumed with Heat: All, that they were carry'd off in a Sweat. Madness or a Frenzy seized one; another dy'd in a deep Sleep; while a third was tormented with Restlessness and Inquietudes. One Man expired with a Groan, while another gently breathed his last.

Flight (the common Security in every other Pestilence) was now an empty Name, there being no where a safe Retreat to be found for *Englishmen*; for the Disease was now

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spread

spread every where, some though left a Town, and would fly into the Country, while others deserted the Country ; to take Refuge in Towns. But this change of Place yielded no Safety ; some would run away from the Disease, by retiring into foreign Countries ; and into those the Sea parted with its deep Waters. Hence it was that many took to the *Netherlands* ; some sailed into *France* ; and others retired among the *Scotch* and *Irish*. But all this was likewise vain ; for thereby they had only great *Fatigue*, but no *Safety* : And therefore, quite overcome with the great Pressure and Evil, and left without any Hopes of Life, Men dy'd in a miserable Condition ; one being found dead in the same Bed, and another alive. Thus lamentable was the common State of Mankind under this universal Desolation.

With



With what Face then can you ridicule the Calamities of a Nation, or offer to persuade your Living, that *this Distemper is a Plague with lessened Force*? Can you think that so gross Misrepresentations of so terrible Relations will afford any Comfort, if any such Disease was like to return? I wish such vain Hopes may not have kept up your Delusion with many, that never came to be undeceived till it was too late, and they visited our Habitations below; where we lose all Desires of Resentment, tho' we are very sensible of your Abuses, and leave our Shipwrecks to be Examples to the Living, and cautions, at least, how they embark with promising Pilots, and smiling Gales.

Thus much for my own Particular, and your notorious Misrepresentations of my Works. I am next to inform you how we Dead have

so good Intelligence of what passes here among the Living ; and then I must deliver you the Judgment of *Pluto*, upon reading a Book, entitled, Dr. *M---d's short Discourse explain'd*. At first entering the Place of our Abode, any *Shades* would believe that the *Dead* are more curious than the *Living* ; the Numbers that crowd about a new Guest being so great. But this is far from an idle Curiosity, or hunting after News ; and is rather a general Concern we have for the happy Repose we wish to Men. For this Reason, the first Question we commonly ask, is of the Means of their leaving the Earth ; whether they came at their own Hand ; whether they were hurled down by the irresistible Violence of a Distemper, or that they were sent by an Undertaker in Medicine. By this part of our Information we become wonderfully-  
well-



well-appriized in the State of Physick among the Living ; and Accounts of this Nature give great Satisfaction to the Names still esteemed among them, when they hear of Improvements in that noble Faculty ; and that it is honourably practis'd by its Professors. On the other hand, when Souls come down without any great Disease, and by *Salesmen* in Physick only, we have a double Uneasiness for the ill Fate of Men, which is like to grow worse by the Decay of Physick. Great Numbers of late Years have gone to their Repose by *unknown Diseases*, by *English* Physicians of great Fame among your Living, under the Name of Vapours. They were comforted with the Safety of that Distemper, upon the Credit and Fame of Dr. *Sydenham*, while *Hodges* cry'd, *Miserere Patriæ*. But <sup>an</sup> ~~our~~ Author, for whom you deservedly have  
a great

a great Esteem, blames you for having overlook'd a sudden Death that came by a seeming *Head-ach*: And in that very Chapter, where, for want of *Leisure*, you patch up the second part of your Discourse; and it is indeed so mangled, that he could scarcely know it was his own. And if due Regard had been given to what he says of a *Head-ach*, you perhaps had not undertaken for the Safety of that great Man who descended into our Abode, complaining of a *Head-ach*, or certainly you had depended upon better Methods.

But of all the Dead that have left the World under great Assurance given them of living, none have been more numerous than those that are brought by the *Small-Pox*; their Faces mighty flat, and sometimes dry; some carry'd great number of *Blisters*; some came *purging* among us; and many with their *Blood* run-  
ning



ning out : All of them under great Hopes and Expectations from such *active* Methods. There was one Lady had a particular Cry ; and for some time there was nothing to be heard but fifty thousand Pound, an hundred thousand Pound : But where is Mr. Secretary *Craggs* while she held us thus in doubt ? Many Shades believe she put an End to her own Life, because of some Disappointments in the *South-Sea* ; others judg'd by her Face *what* had truly sent her among the Dead : But no body could guess why she call'd so vehemently for the Secretary. At length she was quieted by some *Styx-Water* that was thrown upon her Face, and then she told us how great her Misfortune was to be sent among the Dead by the *best sort of Small-Pox* ; and that in the Opinion of her Doctor, Apothecary, Nurse, and of all her Acquaintance : That it

I

was

was but the Day before she left Life, that her Physician congratulated her upon her being out of all Danger : Nay, that very Evening she overheard the *Apothecary* telling her Sister, that Mr. Secretary *Craggs* would give fifty thousand Pound to be in as safe a way ; and that his Father would give 'em an hundred thousand more on the same Account ; yet that Night I fell into Convulsions, and was bled by my Physician's Order in the Morning, whereby I now arrive in your Parts with my Arm still bleeding. My celebrated Physician was not only mistaken about the Progress of my Disease, and order'd this improper Administration ; but what vexes me most, the Secretary is not yet arriv'd, and I have been this Minute told, that my Doctor reports, my *Small-Pox* were of an ill Sort, and that it was impossible for me to recover ;



cover ; which he now pretends to have said in twenty Places, at the beginning of my Distemper. Thus are we deluded ; thus Physicians consult their own *Fame*, but not our Safety. This last Observation raised a general *Sigh* among the great Men in Physick ; but *R---ff* laugh'd.

Mr. *Craggs* did not retire to his Place among the Dead, till *February* 16. He talked much of a *Vomit*, upon which a great Stress was laid for his Recovery. Dr. *Sydenham* stared ; and is it now a Fashion among the Living, said he, to give a Vomit in the Agonies of Death ? And a sovereign Remedy, reply'd the Secretary, had not the *Small-Pox* prevented its coming up again. But *Fracastorio*, ask'd *Inghlesi*, How got it down ?

The Secretary stay'd a little longer that Evening for the *Report* of the *Secret Committee*, which he

D

brought

brought with him, as also Dr. *M--d's Short Discourse explain'd*: Both which gave great Entertainment to the Shades. *Stentor* read the first, and was under Consideration for some Days. Dr. *Goodall* read the last, and was fully consider'd. The Charge and Judgment upon it, I am now order'd to report to you.

Know then, that a Bill is found against you, consisting of four Articles. The first; That, without any Sense of Shame, you took upon you to write on a Subject before you was moderately instructed in its Matter.

The second; That laying aside all Regard to Truth, you have boldly asserted many things well known to be false at this present time by the Living: As also, that you have made good, and honourable Authors vouch for those false Assertions.

Third;



The Third ; That you have weakly overthrown all your former Impositions, by frequent and gross Contradictions.

And the Fourth is, That all your vain Pretence to Learning, this foul Misrepresentation of the Dead and Living, as also your abundant Contradictions, only tend to abuse the good Nature of Mankind, and the Honour of Physick.

The first, third, and fourth Articles were fully proved, by comparing the two Books, *viz.* your *Short Discourse*, and the *Short Discourse explain'd*. But the last part of the second Article was put past contradicting it, by numbers of Shades that crowded to the Book to give their Affidavit ; even *R-----ff* cry'd out Shame, at the gross Abuse of his worthy Executors, who were drawn in by you to declare to the World, that he left secret Medicines, con-

trary to all Truth ; but to which you tacitly claimed an Inheritance. This Passage likewise justify'd, in some Measure, the former part of the fourth Article.

There are then, two things expected from you before you consort with us Dead ; one, that you give up those Pretences to Secrets of Dr. R----ff's, who had but few Medicines, and no Secrets : The other, That you ask publick Pardon of his Executors, whom you have made abuse the World in so publick a manner. In case of Contempt of what is here demanded, as well as in clearing yourself from the Charge in the other three Articles, you will meet with very severe Punishment, before you are admitted to plead to any one of all the Articles.

There is a Countryman, Dr. H. C---n, who, for his Contempt of a  
\* Charge



\* Charge made by Dr. *Mauriceau*, had a Clyster of hot Oil of *Turpentine* given him by a Midwife of *Paris*, every Morning for a Month ; and every first Day of a new Moon, among you, till this time ; and it is not known for how long a time it is to be repeated: so severely does *Pluto* punish the Contempt of Charges, braved out here, with the short, but impudent Argument of you *Lye*, *Mentiris* being often the last Argument, when the Cause is given up.

I am to leave you for this time ; and I am order'd to part with you in the Words of the *Explainer* of your *Short Discourse* : Hereafter, neither *Patients* nor their *Physician* must think themselves ill-us'd, for Dr. M---d's saying that a *Physician* has mistaken a *Patient's Disease*, and that he

\* Observation xxvi.

has

*has prescribed improperly on that, or any other Account ; and that because we find the Doctor but little acquainted with the Descriptions of Diseases, and not over-faithful in relating them.*

**F I N I S.**





## L E T T E R

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O F T H E

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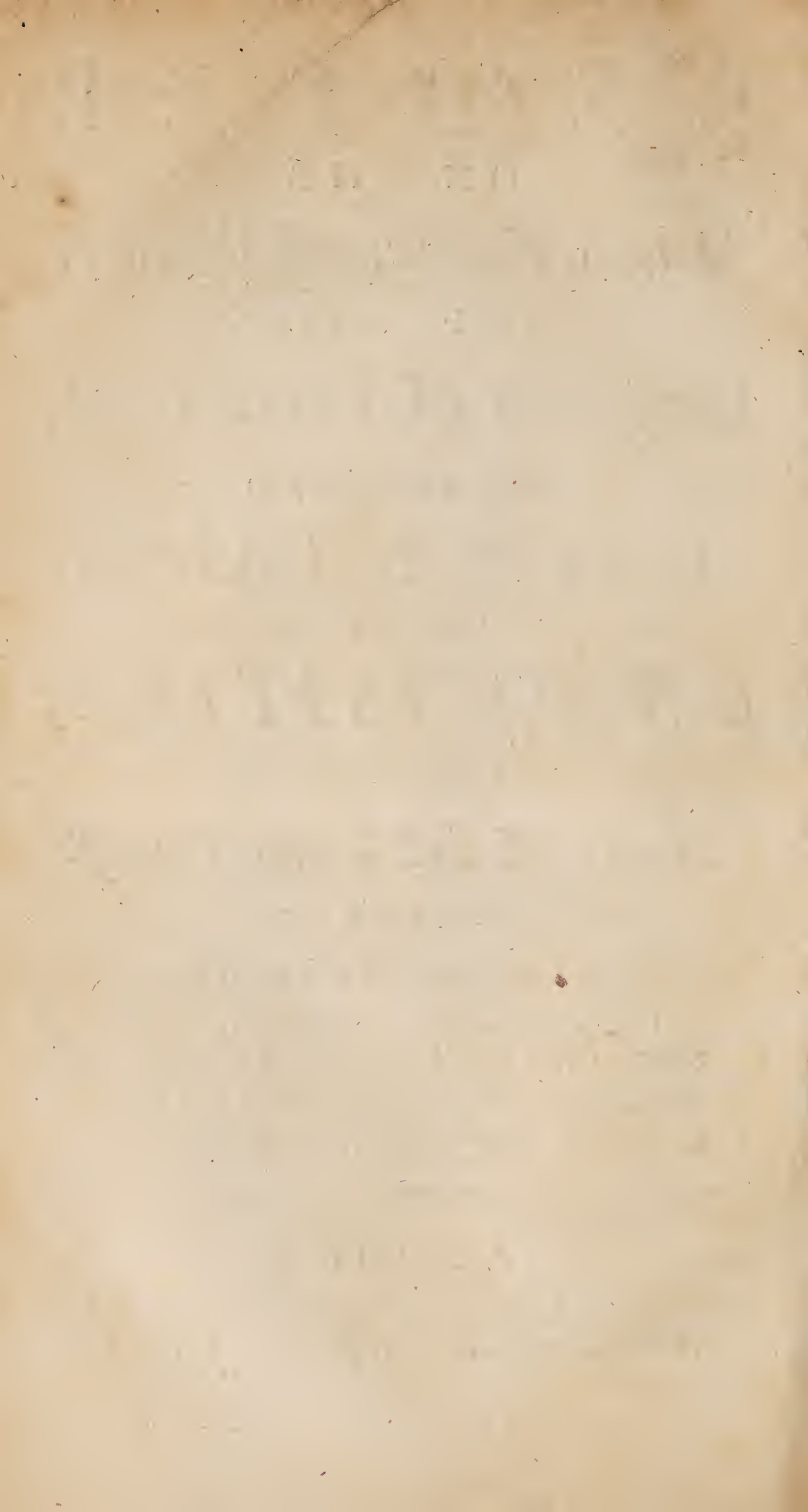
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---

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A

# LETTER, &c.

S I R,



SINCE charged with Singularity of Opinion, in relation to the Degrees of DOCTOR (more particularly in *Physick*) and that you desired me more fully to explain my self on this Head; you will by this I here write you, better judge of the Reasonableness of what I advance.

I am not insensible of the daring Boldness of broaching such Opinions, and of the vast Crowd of Criticks, Hornets, &c. I must naturally expect to attack me on this Singularity of Thoughts; yet, as Men who have Souls, dare to start out of the common Tract, more especially to follow Truth, though ever so simply array'd; so my Endeavours have always been to keep as near and close to that as possible, let the Consequences be what they would. Now whether by the Assailants

called ignorant, unlearned, undignified, or wanting Capacity, &c.

*Facta est Alea, valet quantum valere potest.*

Before *Hippocrates's* Time, there appears not to have been a sufficient Degree of Application and Observation, either in *Physick* or *Surgery*; so that in his Time it seems to have been brought to the highest Degree of Knowledge: Nor do we know, or will it, I believe, be advanced, that we have had any one Person who has ever yet arrived to his Degree of Knowledge since his Time (all, or most, ever since, that is good, being taken from him.) Though I cannot see why we might not as much improve; as he did, on those before him, and consequently even surpass him in Knowledge; when such naturally sagacious Men are to be found (of which all Ages, I doubt not, have produced some) and who, applying themselves in this Profession, strictly following plain Truth only, as he did, might consequently succeed as well: Yet, how difficult this must be, in a Time or Place of Luxury and Corruption, so contrary to the common Customs of such Times; or how little any such Men would be minded, I must leave you to judge.

If Formalities, instead of Realities, have been the principal Things improved or minded  
ed



ed ever since, to wit, this two thousand Years, What great Matters then have we to brag of? or, Where are our great Advancements, as to the Realities of Cures? It may, perhaps, be advanced, that we have made some Improvements in the Anatomical Way: Now, even admitting this, Can we prove that it has advanced us one Jot further towards a Cure in *Physick*, or even that of *Surgery*? Nay, I may, perhaps, without great Hazard, venture to add, or even to perform any one Operation better than in his Time, it being a Thing well known to Anatomists, that the Vessels, &c. from the Wantonness of Nature, keep not always the same Situation: Thus in some Bodies, there are only found one pyramidal Muscle (in Place of two) and in others none. The Advancements then that we have made, may possibly be as much Matter of Curiosity and Speculation, as that of being greatly Useful as to Practice. But as this seems to lead me into another Field, to wit, that of the Nature of Practice in this Art; I shall, at present, choose to refer that to another Opportunity, and keep here to the Subject proposed.

There was not any such Custom as that of Degrees of *Doctor* in those Days; nor for, at least, twelve hundred Years thereafter; or, perhaps, even so long after *Galen*; though so great an Improver of Words and Formalities. *Hippocrates* made himself well known in this Art,

Art, and wanted no such Formalities ; but received the universal Voice with divine Honours, &c. The Word *Doctor*, amongst the *Romans* themselves, was no otherwise known or understood, than as a Teacher of their Language ; that is, in more plain *English*, a School-master ; *Medicus* being the only Name known for a *Physician*, till after the Destruction of the *Roman* Empire.

'Twas then the Bishops of *Rome*, the Papal Authority, begun more particularly to shew it self, by the great Concessions given from *Charlemain*, to *Leo* the Third, in the eighth Century ; still increased by succeeding Emperors and Princes. 'Twas then the See of *Rome* so advanced their vast Authority, and such large Pretensions ; particularly in every Thing which had the least Regard to Letters. Schools in common Use in the *Roman* Time, for the Teaching of the *Roman* Language, so necessary in those Countries they had subjected (for the better Understanding of their Laws, &c.) were, by the foresaid Authority, brought into a prescribed Method, and thus turned into Seminaries, Colleges, and Universities, where the Metaphysics, and Philosophy of those Times were taught (*viz.* the *Aristotelian*) or some Cobweb Chimerical Notions, the Product of puzzling unexperienced Brains (without cultivating and judging from natural Experiments) thus idly presuming to explain by  
hard



hard Words, the hidden Laws of Nature, and first Laws of Motion, &c. To this was added, their Logic, or approved Method of Reasoning: Which Liberty of Foundations, or at least, Confirmations, were thus, at first, granted from *Rome* (and the Example followed by latter Princes;) the Masters of such Schools or Colleges, &c. being, in general, Monks or Ecclesiasticks, were only to teach such Doctrine as was approved of, as well as that themselves were to be approved of, and under the Jurisdiction of the See of *Rome*. The methodical prescribed Forms of Living, Praying, Cælebacy in Fellowships, their singular Dresses, Names of Colleges, together with the common Sloath, Riches, or Fat and Formality of these Times, and Customs, seem, as yet, plainly to appear in our own two great Universities. Nor was this Power and Honour only; but likewise proved greatly profitable to the *Roman Pontiff*.

That Divinity should be taught there, and thus made proper Seminaries for Divines, approving and granting them all Sorts of Honours, Degrees, &c. need not seem strange: Nor need it appear so very Wonderful, if their Christian Religion was, in some Measure, blended with some Ceremonies or Customs (at least) of the ancient *Romans*; which might, in some Measure, favour of such Customs, Ceremonies, or Opinions, interwoven, and introduced into all the Learning, Laws and

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Customs of the ancient *Romans*; any more than as all Religions whatsoever have still been, more or less, tainted with those (as well as that of the Nations) they descend from, or border upon. Now if the same Ecclesiastical or Papal Power, should even also pretend to Authorise, Tutor, Approve, and consequently Dignify, or give Degrees also to such as studied the *Roman*, or other Laws of each Country, intermix'd with the *Roman*; or even if more or less blended with Gothic, Feudetary, or Municipal Laws; especially having some Mixture of Canon or Ecclesiastical Law, still, in some Measure, interfering, or some way thus made dependent on this said Jurisdiction, or so pretended to, need not seem greatly strange to us. But, in the Name of Wonder, and the highest Admiration! how *Medicine*, or *Physick*, should also be here included into these Seminaries, or Colleges (Hospitals, surely, being much the more proper place for such, and hardly known to the former) is a Thing I cannot so well comprehend; unless it were, as the Story is told, That in those, or some such illiterate Monkish Times, *None should be made Bishops but such as could read*. So possibly, it might then also be thought Necessary, by the foresaid Authority, that those likewise applying to *Medicine*, should not only be able to read, but also to learn the *Roman* Tongue (the *Greek* being but little, or not used,



used, or known there, till lately) together with the Doctrine, Philosophy, and Logick of those times. There was, indeed, something further thought Necessary, as the having Masters for that End, to read some publick Lectures on *Medicine*, &c. But how far succeeding Ages advanced in real Knowledge in this Art, by such Method, is what I will not (at least, here) pretend to determine, but rather choose to refer such Thoughts to another Opportunity, should I find it necessary to broach my Sentiments on the Nature of Practice, &c. Yet this I will, at present, venture to say, that *Hippocrates* knew nothing of this Sort of Education, or of the *Galenic* or *Chymic* Medicines, introduced in after Ages: And, as to *Surgery*, the most certain Part of Knowledge of the Profession, that was entirely neglected, particularly as to the Practice, so as to be in a very low State, if not in a Manner quite lost for, at least, fifteen hundred Years. It was however not only thus, I say, that the Papal Authority transmitted their Honours, Degrees, Diplomas, &c. but this Authority (by Diplomas or Licenses, &c.) was even delegated to their Archbishops: Nay, even every Bishop had the like Authority granted them in their particular Diocese, who, I doubt not, could read: But what Judges they were of those duly qualified for the Cure of human Bodies, I leave you to consider.

But, methinks, the Clergy may freely enough allow themselves beholden to the See of *Rome* for the great Power and Authority they are arrived at, their Honours, Dignities, &c.

And thus even when Kings, Princes, or Subjects, followed the Pontifical Example of founding of Colleges, yet still it behoved them to be confirmed by the Consent and Approbation of this Sovereign Pontiff; who granted his Briefs, or Bulls accordingly; as also reap'd the Profits of such Foundations, Masters, Scholars, &c. by the *Peter's Pence*, or yearly Money paid him from thence; besides the great Power, Authority and Honour, he acquired thereby until the Reformation. But it had been well, methinks, for *Physick*, had he no way meddled therewith; but entirely confined his Seminaries and Favours to his Divines properly (or if the Lawyers please, he might even have them also.) Thus, after the Reformation, I say, Kings and Princes likewise followed this said Example made them; founding Colleges on the like Plans; as also making Doctors of *Physick* by Mandate, or the Chancellor doing it by Recommendation, &c. Yet, whether this (by Mandate from the Prince) was done before the Reformation, may be a Question? or whether it has since been practised, as being Head of the Church, or, properly, as Sovereign of the Realm,



Realm, is what I cannot pretend to decide, or of their Comprehensions in these Affairs: But it is well known, that the *Roman* Pontiffs have not only taken upon them to give Titles to Emperors, Kings, &c. but even to degrade them, take their Crowns, &c. as Witness King *John*, with others, when disobedient to the said Pontiffs.

From these like Examples, and these latter Times, it was (possibly also, by particular Favour) that the Profession were incorporated into distinct Bodies, with Grants and Charters in their Favour; 'twas now also that Parliaments thought proper to enter into the decision of this Knowledge (especially with us) granting Powers accordingly; yet, what great Advantages have been reap'd from such like Methods, I must leave them to judge; or what Care any such incorporated Bodies have taken, as to the Knowledge of those they admit, so they get the Pence, is sufficiently known; but certain it is there was no such Thing till of later Years. *Hippocrates* made himself sufficiently known, esteemed, and honoured in his Time (as all Men, truly knowing, no Doubt, may.) Inferiors or Ignorants, will die away of themselves, when not attempted to be oppressed, restricted, or minded; and will only serve to give more Lustre to those truly knowing; which still, sooner or later, appears; tho' the Ignorant, or Unthinking, are often dazzled

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with the first Eclat, or Show, till they have sufficiently bought their Experience. In *China* it is still so as formerly. It is not judged necessary to meddle with any one as a *Physician*, no more than with any Man's Cook; for if either, or any Man, poisons or plainly does Mischief, he is accordingly liable to be called to Account, and punish'd for it by Law; and so, no Doubt, all ought to be, whether of incorporate Bodies, or otherwise.

The Custom, or Sanction of giving Degrees, Honours, or Authority, to such as do not deserve them, must surely do more harm than good; and so also of those that have the Authority and Power of granting and giving Degrees, Licentiating, &c. who often know as little, or nothing material in this Profession. Now how much Good then this does to Mankind, or what Honour, Men truly Knowing, do acquire by receiving those Forms from such, is what I leave you to judge of.

Nor can I see why, in *Physick*, as well as in Law, there should not be Chamber-Council; or, as of old, amongst the *Romans*, who had it from the *Greeks*, that is, the *Juris Consultus*; thus giving the Advice, or first general Opinion, with the Method to be followed by the Practitioners; rather than to follow, or, at least, closely to be ty'd down to Practice, or common Attendance, themselves;



selves ; which they may be supposed sufficiently to have seen, or run through, in the former Part of Life. Such surely as judge themselves capable, might put themselves on that Foot ; yet, probably, there may be fear of venturing to lose their Practice ; (if so, they may go on and keep to that) yet I cannot imagine, if prudently managed, they would, or ought to be less Valuable in Consideration of Interest, if truly knowing : Besides their being capable of doing universal Good, by extending their superior Knowledge and Method to all Mankind ; since otherwise the most Knowing, who closely attends Practice his whole Time, shall be principally, or entirely taken up with closely attending, some twenty, or thirty, considerable Families, and that too in great Hurry, especially if a much greater Number : So that the rest of Mankind, consequently, are left to be help'd as they best can, or to suffer and perish for want of the Advice of the most Able. For if there be any Preference, or any Difference, as to greater Truth and Knowledge in this Profession, it is then unquestionable, that the true Knowledge of the Malady, the first setting out well, is the Principal ; since the Cure is much more rarely wanting when we once know the Distemper ; it being the want of a thorough and sufficient Knowledge in that, which occasions that infinity of Errors, which Practitioners, in general,

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are so liable to: Nor have such Practitioners (spoke of) a sufficient Time to think, and duly to digest, consider thoroughly, to weigh, and justly to examine a Case, even when supposed to be sufficiently capable; but if otherwise, that they are also wanting Capacity; in such Case we can only leave the poor Patient to the Prayers of the Faithful.

Whereas in such, or the like Case (I say) by the Method aforesaid, of determining and directing, whether by writing, or otherwise, this Person's Judgment and Capacity would accordingly be observed or discovered by the Practitioner, as well as the Patient; and so, on the other hand, such a Person would be most able, and soon discover who were the most capable of practising well, and making the most just Observations; and thus, on very extraordinary Occasions, Alterations, or Changes, when greatly diffculted, they might still have Recourse to consult the former (a good Practitioner, still readily knowing the general and common Changes, &c.) Thus the Practitioner would, in Time, come to be apprised of the whole Method of judging of the foresaid judicious *Physician*; and such his Knowledge consequently become universal; and, in reality, the Patients, with their Cases, with more certitude, more perfectly, and effectually taken Care of, than in the common confused and hurrying Way, so often without due Consideration or Examination;



mination ; and surely must still be much worse, if any room to suppose him also a blundering Practitioner. 'Tis true, indeed, that the greater Part of most Cases, are cured by kind Nature, in spite of all the bad Practice, or repeated Errors of such ; but it is in the intricate, difficult, and more dangerous Cases, that the extraordinary Knowledge is discover'd ; or otherwise, by the Ignorance and Blunders of the Practitioner, that the Patient, once for all, pays the Whole : But I know not whether some may not be ready to object to having either Truth or real Knowledge too plainly discovered ; those however, who truly seek the Good of Mankind, as well as their own, will not.

Such Method, I say, of Writing, Reasoning, or Directing of Cases, would be a much more effectual Way of discovering Knowledge, than by the common Forms of Disputation in Schools, or by *Thesis*, &c. so often borrowed, or principally made by others ; the former being the truest Specimens of real Knowledge and just Observation, founded on immediate Practice, as they do immediately appear before us ; since all Cases, probably, are more or less differing one from another, and consequently to be judged of accordingly : And therefore the general Method laid down, whether in Fevers, Smoll-pox, &c. can be of little or no Use, there being no such Thing as any Certainty of *Crisis*, so com-

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monly laid down; since varying according to Sex, Age, Strength, or particular Nature of the Constitution, Variation by Accidents, known or unknown, as Heat or Cold, the Season or Change of Weather, Aliment, &c.

The great Benefit which Divinity or Law may have reap'd from the vast Variety and Multiplicity of common Forms, I must leave to others to decide: But I will venture to say, that Multiplicity, with the idle Shew, and pompous Forms in *Physick*, have, in reality, eat up the whole Substance.

*Hippocrates* was greatly knowing in all the Maladies, Diseases, or Misfortunes, incident to the Solids or Fluids of Human Bodies, practising *Surgery*, with all its Operations; yet I am scarce of Opinion, that he himself practised that to the last, which, methinks, cannot well be supposed; or that it was possible for him to have attended that with his Multiplicity of Physical Practice; and therefore it seems probable, that he left the Chirurgical Part more particularly to be practised by his Sons or Disciples, they, probably, still consulting him; all which might be, more especially, in his latter Time. After him, both *Physick* and *Surgery* appear to have been upon the Decline; since its Professors left Truth, and strict Observation, following Chimerical Systems, &c. So even in *Greece*, where this Art was yet more especially cultivated



tivated than elsewhere, it afterwards visibly dwindled ; nor any Authors worth the Notice, besides a few of this said Nation ; yet even these, with all since his Time, seem to have been but mere Compilers from him, or from such as had compiled from him.

As to the *Romans*, they hardly had any such Profession amongst them, or were scarce acquainted with it, till after the rich Spoils of *Asia* and *Africa*, that Luxury and Sloath were got amongst them : Thus as Luxury, Sloath, Corruption, Insincerity, and Chimerical Philosophy increased ; thus flying from original Plainness, and Truth (so as observed) this Profession dwindled into infinity of confused Mixtures and mere Forms. *Hippocrates's* Time being towards that of the *Peloponnesian* War, appears to have been the critical Time of the greatest Power, with sufficient Opulence of the *Greek* Republicks, though not yet arrived to that Height of Luxury and Corruption as thereafter. It was then that *Hippocrates*, by his great Integrity, and strict Search after Truth, raised the Knowledge of his Profession to that Height : But as these People thereafter, by Degrees, fell into Corruption, as from the Time of *Philip* of *Macedon*, to that of *Mitbridates* ; so Truth, no longer sought after, this Knowledge also became corrupted ; and, as we have said, shrunk into mere Forms. As to the *Romans*, they appear to have known very little of it,

before the Time of *Mithridates*, *Pompey*, or *Julius Cæsar*. It was about the Time of *Mithridates*, that *Asclepiades* left *Greece* (being of *Bythinia*) and came to *Rome*, where he at first taught Rhetorick; but not finding his Account in that, he undertook the Study and Practice of Physick; more particularly practising that of Bathing, inventing hanging Beds with such Baths; together with Abstinence, Friction and Exercise. 'Tis true, indeed, *Areagathus* was at *Rome* about one hundred Years before him; but his principal Practice being by Cutting and Burning, he was said to have been banish'd from that City. In the Time of *Augustus*, commonly reckon'd the most polite Age, and he the great Incourager of Arts and Sciences, the chief Physician we then hear of in *Rome*, at that Time, was *Antonius Musa*, noted for his Recovery of the said Emperor from an Indisposition, by advising him to the Cold-Bath; and for which he was highly gratified, being honour'd with the Liberty of wearing the *Bulla Aurea*, as well as all the rest of the Profession, for his Sake: Nay, so high did the Humour run at that Time, for this Cure, that the Senate even also thought fit to erect a Statue in Brass (to his Honour) placed by the Side of *Æsculapius*, though, probably, likewise by way of Compliment to *Augustus*. We are nevertheless told, by the same Historian (*Suetonius*) that, by [the

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like Advice, which he gave to *Marcellus* (Nephew, and adopted Son of the said Emperor) this Youth thus made his final Exit; so ill seems he to have known how to distinguish. 'Tis true, indeed, that *Livia* has been charged, or suspected, by some, on this Occasion, to have prompted *Musa* thereto; though there appears not the least just Ground for it; since he could not promise upon any such certain Effect, no more than on the good Effects: Nor can we imagine *Livia* to have been so weak, as to discover her self upon such an Uncertainty, even supposing *Musa* to have been so base to his generous Master, and to his Prince, with his own Loss of Credit, Hazard, &c. besides that, we very well know, that it was his common and principal Practice; having also recommended the same to his Friend *Horace* (as that Poet himself observes;) nor do we, indeed, hear much of his other Knowledge: What else we know of him, being of no great Moment, or Consequence. And, indeed, from this Time forward, Baths appear to have been in great Use at *Rome*, both for Health and Pleasure. But, before I leave this polite Reign, I must beg Leave to observe, that it is not a little surprizing, that the most certain Branch of this Profession, to wit, that of *Surgery*, appears then hardly to have been known, or minded; nor do we know, or hear, of any noted Practitioner

in this Way, at that Time ; which is greatly amazing, considering then the Blood-shed, Wars, Gladiators, Publick Games, &c.

In the Reign of *Tiberius*, we do not hear of any Improvements in *Physick* or *Surgery* ; but that one *Charicles*, a *Greek*, was consulted, in Relation to the said Emperor, seemingly by those about him, rather than by himself ; who neither received any Medicine, or Direction, from that Physician : For this shrewd Prince, besides his very low Opinion of their Knowledge in that Art, as well as his natural Jealousy and Suspicion, did not think fit to use any ; saying, that a Man, after thirty Years of Age, ought to be ashamed to let a Physician feel his Pulse ; yet *Plutarch* writes it sixty Years ; though, 'tis certain, that *Tiberius* made no Use of any after thirty : Yet, as *Pliny* observes, he nevertheless allow'd very large Salaries to those he had appointed as his Physicians.

After this Time, we hardly find any Thing worth our Notice, either in *Physick* or *Surgery*, until the Time of *Marc. Aurelius*, in whose Time *Galen* lived. 'Tis true, that the principal, or only one (especially *Roman* Author) worthy our Notice before that Time, amongst the *Romans*, or even, at least, till towards the fourth Century, that is, to the Time of the Emperor *Justinian*, was *Celsus*, a Philosopher, and Disciple



ciple of *Asclepiades*; though we have not so much as any Certainty in what Reign he lived; nor is it any way probable he ever practised; but appears merely to have been a great Compiler, principally out of *Hippocrates*, &c. whom he names, *Omnis Medicinæ Parens*; such as the Philosophers and Writers of these Times were, as *Pliny*, &c. who, in general, pretended to some Knowledge in this Art, yet did not practise: And there are, indeed, several Things which *Celsus* writes, in relation to *Surgery* in particular, which sufficiently shew him to have been no Practitioner himself. It is, however, likely he might have lived in the Reign of *Tiberius*, and had, no Doubt, deserved the best, to have been that Prince's Physician (which he certainly was not) had he, I say, been a Practitioner. *Quintilian*, who mentions him, says of him, *Mediocris vir ingenii*; and, consequently, did not consider him as a great Genius in any Way; but rather, as we have observed, as a Compiler, &c. And thus he writ of Rhetorick, Poetry, Agriculture, and the whole Art of War, as well as of Physick; and yet we know not of his Practice in that Way, no more than in the other.

*Dioscorides* also lived in the same Age, tho' he was, properly, a *Grecian*: Nor have we any Thing from him, as to Method of Practice, in this Profession, but hath left us a  
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*Materia Medica*, or Description of Herbs, &c. with an infinity of Virtues ascribed to them by him.

After this, for above an hundred Years, we have very little, or nothing, until the Time of *Galen*, towards the End of the second Century, in the Reign of *Marc. Aurelius*; though *Galen* was also of *Pergamus* or *Greece*; yet even he also can only be consider'd as a mere Compiler, Translator, or tedious, verbose Commentator on *Hippocrates*; whom, by his bewildring Philosophy, he has rather confounded and spoiled, than amended; 'twas he that so much infested, and brought the Practice into so much Confusion; he is said to have writ two hundred Volumes on this Subject. He seems but little to have minded *Surgery* (nor hear we of its being much minded by any other in his Time) although he treats, 'tis true, of the Disorders of the Bones, &c. It's said (not however to his Credit) that he was so frightened on Occasion of the Plague, which happen'd in *Rome* at that Time, that he left it on that Account; notwithstanding his greatly valued Antidote he made, and so much used; that notable confused Compound, the *Theriac*. And though even valetudinary, and that he lived to a considerable Age; yet that seems more particularly to have been owing to the Strictness of his Diet, than to the Use of his Medicines.

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From henceforward, or soon after, *Physick*, as well as *Surgery*, seem to have left *Rome*; nor do we, indeed, any where hear of any such Thing for near two hundred Years; during which Time, it seems to have been entirely lost. It was during this Time, 'tis true, that Divisions and Persecutions were in *Rome*, and that the *Roman* Empire was now invaded and rent, so greatly infested by the *Goths*, &c. which travelling, hardy, half starved Nation, seem to have had no Occasion for the Medicinal Tribe, principally increased by Luxury, Sloath, and Irregularity; since Men do thus accordingly apply to the Study of Remedies, proper to cure the Dregs of those Evils.

Towards the End then of the fourth Century, this Art appears again to have return'd to *Greece*, or *Constantinople*, in the Time of the Emperor *Justinian*; who not only order'd the Body of the *Roman* Law to be collected and digested, but even that also of *Physick*, in which *Oribasius*, a Physician of that Time, was principally employ'd; though *Ætius* also writ about the same Time, and in the like Manner; they were however both *Greeks*, not *Romans*. *Oribasius* is said to have writ no less than seventy Volumes on this Subject, though most of them are lost; yet they cannot well be consider'd, but as mere Compilers, principally from *Galen*,

*len*, &c. and *Tralian* and *P. Æginet* (about the same Time) mostly Abridgers of them.

From henceforward the little Pretence of Knowledge which remain'd, together with most of the *Greek* Writings, were convey'd by the *Saracens* or *Arabians* into the *Mahometan* Empire, establish'd about two hundred Years thereafter; though what we have that appears the most considerable amongst them, was that of *Avicenna*, *Mesue*, *Averroes*, &c. who were about the tenth or eleventh Century; their Theory, and principal Method of Practice however, appears, in general, to be taken from the *Greeks*: 'Tis true, indeed, they added Chimistry (the Product of *Ægypt*, about the eleventh Century) but at the same Time neglected, or, in a great Measure, lost the more certain and useful Knowledge in this Profession, to wit, that of *Surgery*; it being very plain, that there were a Sufficiency of Remedies before this Time; since *Hippocrates* did certainly do more without it, than they could ever do with it; there being, before that, in all human Probability, a Sufficiency of plain Remedies for all Maladies, whether in the Vegetable, Mineral, or Animal Kingdoms, or even enough in any Country, to supply itself; since Providence seems to have provided so for the Maladies common to each Climate, that there also their proper Remedies



dies do grow. 'Tis true, indeed, that the *Arabians* have made us acquainted with some good Simples ; as the Rhubarb, the *Indian* Aromatic Spices, the Produce of *Asia*, as well as those also of the Countries they possessed ; yet whilst (I say) we so much employ our Time in studying these, we readily neglect our own. But as they discover'd a few Simples to us, so they also confounded us with others ; as the Use of precious Stones in Medicines, Gold, Silver, &c. and at the same Time, pester'd us with that infinite Variety of Compounds, or Mixtures ; such as the Sugar'd Tribe, the Syrups, Juleps, Conserves, Confections, Electuaries, &c. So that, in short, they much more confounded us, than better'd us ; and were, at best, but a practising Sort of Apothecary Chymists ; they, indeed, discover'd the Small-pox, unknown to us before ; yet left us but little the wiser, as to the Cure. Nor were there any such Things as Universities in Use amongst them, or any Dignities of that Kind.

About this Time, or towards the twelfth Century, the Holy War being then carried on, it was thus those *Arabians* were introduced to us from *Syria* ; these were the only Books minded, and translated from the *Arabic*, by the Monks, &c. who taught them in the Schools, till after the taking of *Constantinople*, in the Year 1453. that by Means of several *Greeks*, which came from thence,

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into *Italy*, they also brought several Manuscripts in their own Language, and first taught it there. After which, Printing followed; when, towards the End of this Century, or Beginning of the next, the Years 1526, to 8, *Aldus* then first printed *Dioscorides*, *Hippocrates*, and *Galen*: Nor was the Greek Language hardly known, nor taught in the Schools, till about this Time; nor *Hippocrates* little minded, taught, or read, till after this Time. And thus also it was that these, as well as the former, were accordingly introduced into the Western, and these more Northern Parts.

It was now, or before this Time, that Hospitals also came in Use, as well as that the general Chaos clear'd up a little, and that Mankind became somewhat more Inquisitive into the Reality of Things, by Observation and Experiences. Thus *Surgery*, hitherto almost lost, begun again to rear up its Head: Nor did Physick lose by Hospitals and Observation, probably improving more this Way than by all that was taught in the Schools.

It was now (I say) in these latter Times, as towards that of *Henry* the VIII<sup>th</sup> (that absolute Prince) that Societies, and Companies, were establish'd amongst us, as has already been observed, their great Use, &c. The Apothecaries, till of late, were Grocers, Drug-gists, and Compounders of Medicines; and



the Method and Custom of prescribing was hardly, or not at all, known, till about that Time. The *Arabians*, from whom we seem to have borrowed most of their Compositions, Chymistry, Method, and Practice, used entirely their own Language, whether in Writing or Directing, &c. (as the *Greeks* had done in theirs;) the *Arabians* (I say) having no way minded the *Latins* or *Romans*. 'Tis true, indeed, that the *Romans*, according to *Pliny* (at that Time fond of the *Grecian* Language) did sometimes use to write, or direct in *Greek*, for Medicines from the Druggists, or Compounders of Medicines; with which, however, he finds Fault, as merely political, as being thus more valued (says he) by not being so commonly known.

From all which, *Sir*, you will observe the great Reason our Moderns have to mind, or any way to follow, the *Romans* in this Art; or I might, perhaps, without great Danger, even add in any Art or Science; since it was the *Greeks*, who not only brought this Art into *Rome*, practised and taught it there, but likewise all the great Artists then were, in general, of that Nation: For the *Romans* were a proud, haughty, aspiring People (and, when Luxury and Physick came in) became Sloathful, and were always principally addicted to War: 'Tis true, there were a few who apply'd to Philoso-

phy, Poetry, and the writing of History; but mostly borrow'd, or following the Examples of the *Greeks*; which Language, in the luxurious flourishing State of the *Roman* Empire, they learned; and many went into *Greece* to learn it, and to be educated there; as *Cicero* did, &c. and as the *Greeks* were wont to do into *Egypt*, or as we do into *France* at this Time; these being the then living Languages, from whose Customs, Manners, and Knowledge, with their Observations on the Living, they thus learn'd, and profited more than by the Dead, which they had but little Regard to.

Thus the *Greeks*, I say, went into *Ægypt*, and had their Learning from thence; not from the old *Phœnician*, *Hebrew*, or *Chaldaic*, or any other dead Language whatsoever. The *Romans* did, indeed, at first, by their Power, force their Laws and Language upon us; after which, by Custom, and the Power of the See of *Rome*, with some Necessity, for the better understanding of their Laws, Religion, &c. it was endeavour'd to be render'd universal, and thus went on.

When we consider then, that we *Moderns*, in a great Measure were, and still seem to be, the immediate Disciples of the *Arabians*, particularly, and closely following their confused Farragoes of Medicines in Pharmacy and Chymistry, I cannot



not apprehend consequently, why the Students in this Profession, should not much more reasonably have studied the *Arabic* than the *Roman* Tongue; and, that the Practitioners should not thus, still more reasonably, have accordingly made their Prescriptions in that Language, if afraid those not of the Profession might otherwise discover too much, since thus more hid. But alas! ignorant, mean spirited People, may fear these Things; but Men of true Spirit, Generosity, real Knowledge, or good Will to Mankind, never will; but, on the contrary, will endeavour to render Mankind as Knowing as possible; it being rather the great Misfortune of Men of true Knowledge, to have to do with Fools, or Ignorants: Neither is it so easy to render People Knowing in any Way (as Men commonly imagine) and yet more particularly in this Profession, nay, often not even those bred to it. Do we not plainly observe, that it matters not so much the Knowledge of a Medicine, as the right Method of using it; the *Quantum*, the *Quale*, and the *Quomodo*, variable according to Season or Particulars, as the good Judgment shall direct; or when to use, and when to abstain, &c? Thus (next to knowing of the Malady) these are the principal Marks of the Physician. Do we not plainly observe, that every one knows the *Peru* Bark cures Agues? yet few know how successfully to use

use it ; nay, might we not venture to say, even of the Profession ; else, What Occasion would there be for calling in others ? And thus it was that Dr. *Ratcliff* often cured such with this, or the *Hypocacoan* in Fluxes, or with the same very Medicine which others had been long unsuccessfully using before him. Were it not for these Reasons observed, a *Charlatan* Tinker, or pretending Woman, might play the Professor as well as the best : Besides, that it's commonly observed, that notable Doctorizing good Women, are commonly the best Friends, and bring Business to the Profession. For my own Part, I was always much more afraid of Ignorance, or of Mens knowing too little, than of their knowing too much.

Nor does any Thing appear more ridiculous to me, than that of crying, Such a Man has served his Time, or been taught his Trade, and since in vast Hurry of Business all his Life ; and therefore (say they) must consequently know, &c. Yet nothing more common, than that they blunder, and jog on so in Life, to a great Age ; and lastly, die without ever having known any Thing material in their Business, whether in this Profession, or any other ; and yet still less in this, so little visible to the common Eye. Do we not daily observe, in the low and more common Parts of Life, that, but a very few Cobblers well know how but to Heel-  
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piece a Pair of Shoes, so as they ought to be, though at it all their Life-time? Nay, even a Porter (unless one in Fifty) shall hardly rightly know how, properly, to manage, and to carry a Burden, if any way uncommon, or out of his common Way; or even to deliver a Message as he ought, tho' ever so plainly told him. Thus there must be that natural Sagacity (as well as a sufficient Degree of Experience) which natural Sagacity Men are not to be taught. Now if a little of this be so absolutely necessary in the most plain and commonest Affairs of Life; how much more absolutely necessary is a much greater Share of this natural Sagacity, and solid Judgment, to such who pretend to decide in the most intricate and difficult Parts of Knowledge, on which human Life depends? Neither is this necessary only to that Province, of ordering or administering of Remedies; but the like Solidity, Knowledge, Sagacity, Penetration, and Judgment, are no less necessary to judge, and well to perform any of the principal Operations of *Surgery* (to wit, the when, the how, and where) as well as the judiciously and properly treating them thereafter: For the Want, or Deficiency of which Solidity of Judgment (I say) infinite Blunders and Mischiefs are committed; which, with utmost Care, will be endeavoured to be hid, and concealed from the Publick; whilst

whilst a little accidental Success shall be most carefully trumpeted about by the impudent or ignorant Operator. In a Word, for my own Part, I should choose, and prefer, a judicious Nurse, though but of a Year or two's Experience, before an injudicious one of ever so long Experience, who will be sure to presume on such ill digested Experience ; whereas the other will, at least, be cautious, when any way doubtful, of doing Mischief.

But to draw towards an End, *Sir*, you will observe, that I seem insensibly to be led in to treat of the Nature of Practice, which I would, at present, refer to another Occasion : Let it now suffice, that I have hinted to you somewhat of the Nature of *Degrees*, &c. As for the particular Appellation of DOCTOR, so frequently and commonly used to such as practise Physick, whether but *Masters of Arts*, or *Batchelors* only, &c. that may be understood as a distinguishing Appellation in what they profess, as Counsellor at Law ; or Discretionary, as judged to deserve it, by their great Knowledge in this Profession ; in giving some new Light, instructing or teaching Mankind further Knowledge in this Art ; or more particularly, to have distinguished themselves in this Profession, without troubling *Holland, France, Germany*, or *Switzerland*, (by *Præmium*) to  
find



find out our Knowledge, or any other interested Method, or Society of interested Men, whether at home or abroad.

As to the Powers granted to particular Societies (as has already been observed) of what great Significancy, I say, is it, if not only the different Branches of this Profession do interfere, and are confounded, one with the other, without any due distinguishing Marks for the Bounds of either? Or if, as yet, those not regularly bred to any of its Branches, do, without Controul of any such incorporate Bodies, what they list; nay, if Directors in the legislative Power do favour them, and they are even pleaded for by them, thus supporting them by Way of doing Justice, to what Purpose then such Grants, or Acts of Parliament for suppressing them? (not that I am for Persecution, as has already been hinted.) But how is it then, I say? Are such Bodies of Men only incorporated to give particular Trouble to the more regularly bred, of Understanding and Capacity, as being the most Dangerous? or, on the other Hand, if we find the very Members of such incorporate Bodies, running after (to be taught by) such as they allow not to be Regular, What shall we say of such Regularity?

To conclude, *Sir*, I know not what Notions you will form to your self from what  
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has here been hinted ; but 'tis well if your Idea of the Profession (from this) be of a superior Form than that of their being multiplied by Luxury, and consequently, and principally, the mere Scavengers of the Effects of that Luxury and Corruption, Sloath, Intemperance, and Irregularity of Living, rather than from that of the Defects of Nature or Accident ; are, in fine, thus the grand Soothers of Mens Folly and Extravagance ; so that the Wise and Regular, are but rarely Customers : And though the more immediate Gain of common Riches seems to attend the other Side ; yet, for private Satisfaction to Men of Knowledge, such will still wish to cultivate the latter, as I would yours, &c.

*I am, &c.*

### P O S T S C R I P T.

**E**VEN the Word *Αρχίατρος*, or, *first Physician*, seems a Question, whether known, or in Use amongst the *Romans*, till towards the Time of *Constantine*, or the first Christian Emperors.



I am just now so stunned with a continued Noise of *Nostrums*, so much the Taste of the present Age, as well as that of Miracle Working, &c. that though a little wide of my intended Purpose, yet cannot forbear acquainting you with this short Hint on *Rheumatism* (for which Remedies are so daily advertised) that, to cut short, I know not any strong Evacuator, whether by the Skin, or by Vomit, Stool, or Urine (or even of more mild and constant Continuance) that will not be successful in *Rheumatism*, or even in *Gout*, that is not over rivited by Stones, or old Age. Thus all the bold, idle People in Town, may set up as soon as they please; *Hit or miss, Luck is All*: Very visible ill Consequences happen but seldom; *A gold Chain, or a broken Leg. Let those look out who have the Watch.*



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